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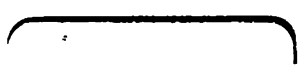
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BACCALAUREATE SERMONS

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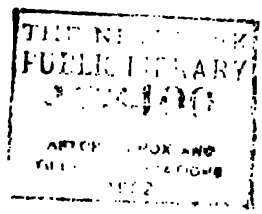


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BACCALAUREATE SERMONS

PRESIDENT M. WOOLSEY STRYKER
TO THE GRADUATING CLASSES OF
HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1893-1905

Utica, New York
WILLIAM T. SMITH & CO.
1905



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SEEING THE UNSEEN

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 18, 1893

He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.
Hebrews, 11:27.

THE Letter to the Hebrews was both an argument and an appeal. With its array of fact and its august consolations, there blended an unfaltering and personal trust in God. That confidence in and commitment to Him is of the very essence of true religion. Religion is either the fulfilment of a real relationship, or it is a fond dream. The spirit of constancy is so sustained and illuminative thro this whole writing as to make it, concerning faith, the classical source both of definition and instance.

Not in any special phase or exercise, but absolute and generic, faith is affirmed as the basis of life and the warrant of all rational hope. The book deals with the apparent vicissitudes of an ever-moving process, and at the same time with the consistency and constancy of Him who guides this, — mutability and the Immutable. By broad retrospect it would prepare men to recognize and meet ungrievingly the disciplines of change. At the eleventh chapter the argument proper culminates with the resonant citation of preeminent believers. Certain of the venerable roll are named, souls of altitude, and classes are summoned, of those who having won their rest, make up the celestial part of that holy alliance and comradeship in which all souls are one who love and seek the will of God.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses" — they who were once the spectacle and who now are the spectators — we have the tremendous appeal increased. The clenching thought is that these veterans are to have their work perfected in those things provided for later days and riper faith.

Fascinating and rewarding as the whole analysis and various aspect of this great epistle must be found, let us press in toward that core-idea which rules it all.

What was that "wherein the elders had witness borne to them"? What is the theorem upon which this chapter moves? At the outset, it is given,— a definition which inspires our whole instinct of flight, and lifts our eyes past the hills, beyond the path of the eagles, up the ways of the angels! "Now faith — (and there the writer leaves the ground and takes the wings of the morning) — "*faith is the proving of things not seen*" — the "*assurance of things hoped for.*" Faith is itself a proof, a conviction. This eleventh chapter is that proposition amplified by instance. It begins at the beginning (as Genesis and John begin) with "the word of God." We know "that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear," that is, "*that which we look upon did not come from phenomena.*" Spirit and life are behind objects. First-cause precedes second causes. Word is back of world. The seen is the result of the unseen. The Creation is that over and thro which the Creator lives and moves, and the creature who knows this and so lives joins the triumphs of those great Hebrew men.

It is upon the thought that our text condenses, that this roster of great and effectual men proceeds. At the point where we station our meditation Moses is the immediate instance. Out text analyzes his life and sums it. Unmatched and solitary that life stands above all the lives of the old Testament: forty years in Egypt, forty years in Midian, forty in the Wilderness, — "endurance," all the way from Nile side to Pisgah top!

Such enduring, under such burdens, borne by such a man, must be accounted for! It must have "assurance" and "proof" under it. And thus the writer to the Hebrews (and so to all souls perplexed by ages of transition and mental disturbance) utters this epitome of all that Moses was and did —

strikes the chord in which all his life was one of displacements. It was also one of submissions because of convictions. He accepted the loneliness of leadership. He became therein a type, at once of the sorrow and the grandeur of a prophetic soul. He did not fear Egypt's king; for face to face he knew the "blessed and only Potentate, eternal, immortal, invisible," who made poor both the riches and the wrath of Pharoah.

This contrast is in our text, but the very Greek states even more broadly the secret of faith — it is generic not personal — "τον γαρ ἀὸρατον ὡς ὁρῶν "— "*as seeing the unseen,*" — God, and all else secured in God — the ruler, and the whole realm beyond present vision. We keep both the euphony and the paradox of the holy page when we say that *faith is the sight of the unseen.* That then for our theme. Transcendental as the statement is, it announces the real wisdom and the real life of the soul. All uplifted and uplifting souls have endured *as seeing the unseen.* Would that this penetrative beam of truth might scatter the vagueness with which we think of Faith! It is the vision of the invisible — the "heavenly vision." This "conviction of things not seen" is a test and organon. What the eye is to sense, that confidence in God is to the soul! Sense is not the last of us, we are hyper-physical — we are made to touch the impalpable, to hear the inaudible, to see the unsighted.

It is this idea of the soul's true function and self-prophecy that speaks in many another New Testament expression. This very word ἀόρατα marks that other great statement "the *unseen* things of Him are seen by the things made." Nature is a telescope!

Paul speaks of Christ as "The image of the unseen God."

"The things seen are for a while and the things unseen are forever."

If we "have the eyes of our hearts enlightened" we shall look for the reality that underlies all that is but apparent, and find that —

"Earth 's crammed with Heaven."

Faith is a "spirit of seeing," spiritual second sight. It is logical. It reasons from the consistency of God. The child clutches his father's hand in the night and so walks homeward thro the dark, and "we go by faith, not by what we see." It is faith to go out "not knowing whither," because we know with Whom.

Faith is always this — *confidence in and commitment to a person.* It is not guessing, arguing, taking chances,— it is trusting someone who is trustworthy. Trust is more than a persuasion from visible evidence, it is self-proving. It is not merely one emotion or attitude out of many, it is a total and vital connection with what lies beyond the boundary of the five senses — "the masterlight of all our seeing"; — the response of our life to His life who gave us ours — and who made outer light the universal parable of the inner. Soul at last can be satisfied only with soul. We "thirst for the living God", and surrendering to the compulsions of an irresistible hope we find suddenly that faith *guides* reason. Without it reason is not a safe leader, for it is not sane. Certainty is more than sight, it is insight. All progress, all skill, comes by trusting ourselves to that next step which is ever just beyond present knowledge. It is not as a mere optigraph of Heaven that these scriptures are holy; but because they prompt that trust in a trustworthy God, which is life eternal already begun. Nor is it only in man's relation to God, but also in his relation to every other person with whom he has to do, that faith is indispensable. In all matters, ocular evidence is neither final nor chief. "Without faith it is impossible to please" anyone! The soul itself, and its impartiality, count in all convictions. Everywhere we have to reckon with what lies below the horizon. In all things good faith is more than compulsion. There is no sphere of thought or action in which it is rational to "dwell only in things seen", to inspect only "the things before the face." The apostle Peter uses the very word "myopy" when he speaks of those who are spiritually "*near-sighted.*"

Everywhere the unseen presses for recognition. Whether in the laboratory, or the garden, on the judge's bench, or upon one's knees — reverence and expectancy toward the "things not seen as yet" are indispensable to great result.

To go on from observation to classification, from consequences to cause, from instance to rule,— all assortment and all synthesis,— means faith.

The quest alike of the eager mind and of the longing heart is for that ultimate unity in Whom power and pity meet. We are not in fear of too much learning, but of too little! The legal cannot be too exact: but that it may be exact it must be loyal. We are carefully to look down that at last we may fervently look up! Love is the way of prospect.

We are already in what we call "the other world", for God's realms are one. Only now we are withheld from the upper light. We are shut within the shell of sense, and, with sense, can see only its smooth and hard limitations: but we have equipments for which those walls are too narrow, tho now *in embryo* we reckon that wings mean something, and with an act which stakes itself upon the conviction of accessible tho as yet unperceived realities we use the beak upon the fragile and temporary wall!

We are sure that the vast is not a void, that derivative life answers creative life, that longing is the clue whereby to track love to its source, that conscience is a 'right line' between man and his Maker, that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," that these things of sight are "a copy and shadow of the heavenly things,"— and so, the deep within us calling to and answering the deep above us, we make God's statutes our songs, pitch our pilgrim tents toward the apocalypse, and rejoice in Him "Whom not having seen we love."

But let us come to the fact that the perception of that which is out of sight is not an exceptional but a normal function. In every growing and advancing life men "hope for that which they see not." All lofty imagination is of a

kind with faith. Duty uses the same faculties and the same methods that we use in all affairs, only the purpose is lifted toward God and the scale prolongs into eternity.

The life of the spirit simply applies to the Being above, that which every day relations apply to the beings about us. Civilization rests upon faith. Society is Mosaic with that which does, dares, and endures, "seeing the unseen." Faith, as religious, is not different in essence, but in direction. Men who renounce the service of the unseen God, serve their unseen fellows with this very faculty. Architecture works with the same problems whether one builds a church spire or a grain elevator, and certainty as to the external and as to the eternal world is in either case a reasoning from the seen to the unseen. There is no working theory, in physics or psychics, that is not an illustration of faith. Assurance of the undiscovered, all induction, all foresight, travels Moses' way. Tell me, what other brilliant generalization from particulars ever shot such light on man's mental or moral path as the thought of the trustworthiness, the fidelity, of the Creator — that the universe is a rational and not a capricious result?

We eat, sleep, trade, by faith. You wrap money or love in a letter, scratch a few marks on it, attach a stamp, put it into the box at the nearest corner, and wait, with a thousand "maybes" menacing, for your answer from Iceland or Calcutta; all because you believe in the integrity and efficiency of the post service. And is it credulity to believe Him "Whose eyes outrun the morning and Who maketh spirits His messengers?" You cable a friend across the sea and get his reply by a strand 3000 miles long; will you cavil at His word "running very swiftly" Who said, "Before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear!"

Albany, and "51," the fastest and promptest train in the world, is twelve minutes late by the board. Men walk watch in hand, for they are assured of the Empire State Express.

Ten minutes — eleven — and over the Hudson a film of smoke wavers up, while as we watch, far this side the train curves into sight and swings out over the bridge. All is haste. Clang go the testing hammers along the wheels. Clank, clank, answer the journal-boxes. Couplers and air-tubes snap to their places, and we are behind "893." Tom Dermody, white-haired but keen of eye, is in the saddle there, eight feet over the ties. He has given the cups their fill of velvet oil, and alert and ready the creature waits, with strange, deep-drawn sighs, the touch of the hand that will hold it to its work. "*'Board!*" and at the word the throttle feels the touch, the mass of mechanism answers the mind that commands it, and we are off. Six feet six, twenty feet at every turn, the huge drivers respond to the steam. Up the steep grade, the wheels biting the sanded track, swift and more swiftly, past avenue and factory, and the pusher is outsped. Away now into the West. Along the glistening lines of Bessemer, down hill we go — *56*, *55*, *54* seconds to the mile. Five times each second does that piston make and recover its 24-inch stroke — a hundred tons of steel, with a heart of flame, hurling itself toward the sunset! The sandy plains swing backward, the Mohawk unwinds its silvery ribbon, the hills stand aside, and by orchard and quarry, thro town and valley, in, out, swinging, sliding, leaping — it is ever on! What a race! Curving as the river curves, the train seems to cling convulsively to the rails over which it rushes. Can that slender flange hold this awful centrifugal force? How possible seems one mad plunge, with not a soul left this side of eternity to tell what it was like! And, now we think of it, is the engineer competent, cool, sober? Has he good eyes? Are all the switches true? The semaphores twitch to the horizontal: but that is for those who follow us. How is it *ahead!* No pause. Our steed drinks upon the gallop. Rocking with the storm of motion, Tom Dermody peers into the distance and draws the bar a little wider. On! Here trailed the Iroquois. Here Herkimer struggled toward

Fort Stanwix. Here went Kirkland thro the wilderness and the winter. Could they rise up to look, what would they conceive this thing to be — this blazing, screaming terror — this tornado of iron? Behold adjustment, contrivance, fuel, fire, force — nay more, it is an epitome of this strenuous and Earth-subduing age — it is the transit of the Saxon! Now Deerfield hills throw back the long shriek, sharper than any savage cry of their wild days, and the complaining wheels smother their riot pace under the touch of the same power that compelled them to it. Slower, tho rebelling, slower, and then — still. "Utica!" Ninety-five miles in 90 minutes! On time!

And you submit yourself to that pace and peril, with its multiplied chances of stupid switchmen, flaws in spike or axle, imperfect inspection, a thousand risks to the mile, trusting thus your life and other lives more precious to you, because you have confidence in the management of the New York Central. You will, I say, give yourself to all this mechanism which you do not understand, and to the management with which you are unacquainted, and yet insist that only 'seeing is believing'! What credulous incredulity is that which refuses to the Creator's control of His own world that which it bestows upon the officials of a railway!

But turn to the market. What is *credit*, national or international, but trust in that "which no man hath seen or can see"? Certifications, vouchers, endorsements, bonds, — are these 'sight'? What is 'security' but personality? What were our banks, our whole system of exchange, the United States Treasury itself, without confidence in common conscience?

I say faith is the world's clearing house. Financial infidelity breeds palsy. What is panic but doubt scaring itself into worse doubt? When but a percentage of unbelief diffuses thro the world of trade, haggard calamity peers in at a thousand doors. What if all faith were destroyed! That

were such a catastrophe as if the world were suddenly arrested in its turning and all things upon it snapped into bottomless chaos.

When relief comes after a stringent or a barren market it is not because there is more money, but because there is less commercial agnosticism! And here remember that business credit is what it is by a diffused Christianity. The banks of the world are not in pagan lands. By this river all things flourish. No more than I would starve while holding a certified cheque upon the Chemical Bank, no more will I fail to use what I have every reason to think bears the very signature of God.

It is by faith, social, domestic, financial, scholarly, scientific,— as well as religious,— that we live. Faithlessness is barbarism. It is also treason, for how can one be a patriot and at the same time a cynic?

This sixth sense is good sense and none other. Indigent indeed is he who has it not. As the vestal of God, Nature lights our way. It is not by observing the lantern, but the way it lightens, that we get us home. He who cares only for objects, and not for the subject of them all, consents to mere optical illusion.

But I speak of the endurance which the sight of the unseen teaches and inspires. It is this that measures power for daring and for waiting. The size of your faith is the size of your manhood. The believers are the doers. Faith is no idler's possession. It is a high exercise of power. It bids keenly for action. It is an energy of the whole nature. It propels and compels. It leads, and is heroic.

That Roman was a stalwart believer in his city who bought up the land on which the Carthaginian army was camped !

> " There is *no* unbelief;
> Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
> And waits to see it push away the clod,
> He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
'Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,'
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever lieth on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock his sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says 'Tomorrow,' 'The unknown,'
'The future,' trusts that Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why."

It was this sight of the unseen that sent Columbus over the sea, that kept Washington in heart as he manœuvered his footsore regiments across the Jerseys; and there was never a discoverer, a commander, a liberator, an inventor, an author, who was not strong in faith, if strong at all. It is this presentative faculty that has led to all the realized marvels of physical science. The heroism alike of the inventor, the discoverer, the martyr, is faith teaching endurance. To imagine is to pursue.

Leverrier predicted and placed Neptune, with its orbit of 165 years, because he believed in gravitation. And faith is no more audacious, is just as exact, as scientific, when it trusts His consistent goodness Whom all events obey as firmly as the battalions of the stars march West.

Science is Faith plus Investigation. Religion is Faith plus Service. The sciences, of sense or of the soul, are both compelled to use the same implement. "The believer in the unseen atom should be the last to ridicule belief in the unseen God." The unseen is at once the problem and the power of all search.

You are more than all of your senses. It is soul that quivers, exults, moans, rejoices. Your senses are but postmen handing you what they do not read,—electric transmitters, if you please, but only mechanical. Back of these personal being sits, listening as blind Milton listened while his daughters pronounced to him the Greek they did not comprehend. Look! Yonder is Beethoven, old and stone deaf. He weaves passion, pain and peace into strange, immortal harmonies. He forges music into light. He is rapt as a Sibyl: but the voice of the oracle is all within. He can not hear his own harpsichord! His soul plays on, and on, shreds of the symphonies of Heaven, and he endured as hearing the unheard!

These are souls that open their windows to the day. They are horizoned by beckoning hands. Strength to meet and to master the emergencies of life can only come from the guidance of God, and this can only come by that choice which makes Him the first in our hearts. Decision wonderfully clears the mind. God reveals Himself to those who surrender to His guardianship. We but shift our doubts from one hand to the other so long as we forget that in everything commitment seals conviction. Self-will shuts the door from self-knowledge. Sensualism staggers into the clutch of scoffing. Mighty faith comes only to mighty devotedness. None can teach you his faith, nor give it. You must buy for yourselves and pay God's price. The deepest is incommunicable save from above.

> "How can he give his neighbor the real ground,
> His own conviction?"

A bystander perceives only the absurdity of a telephone dialog, because his ear does not catch the responding voice. Only the axis of a telescope or a tunnel is the line of vision. When Titus took Jerusalem and penetrated to the Holy of Holies he saw nothing. The Shekinah was not for him. We abide in the truth in so far as there is truth in *us*. Belief and life are something more than showing that faith toward

God has rational analogies. The certainty that vanquishes objection is not argument, but commitment. The blessing of Him that dwelt in the burning bush awaits all who will turn aside to see. Self-giving is the price of all high companionships. Hastening into the sweet fulfilments or the terrible surprises of the unseen, (one, or the other, they shall be to us each) we may well quit all else for that which alone has "the powers of the world to come." This is dynamic. A sense of the security of righteousness, of the stability of God, can only come by a surrender absolute to the Father of our Spirits. That life of Moses, stupendous with struggle, danger, disappointment, was crowned with a testimony which was also autobiography,—"The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." The shell will shatter at last!

"Wings! wings!
To touch the hem of the veil that swings,
As moved by the breath of God, between
The world of sense and the world unseen;
To swoon where the mystic folds divide,
And wake, a child on the other side;
To wake and wonder if it be so,
And weep for joy at the loss of wo;
To know the seeker is lost and found;
To find Love's being but not his bound;
Oh for the living that dying brings!
Wings! wings!

Class of 1893:

You will not ask me to forget that you are the first to whom it is my duty to say these syllables of parting. I shall always remember it.

I have longed to suggest a quickening and inspiring thing to you, that should help you, under God, toward mastery, first of yourselves and second of your circumstances. His presence Who loved you and gave Himself for you, must broaden and deepen my incompetent words.

It is my last occasion with you. Other feet shall tread the ways of our bright hill-top,— others shall answer the chapel call : but, all together, I can never pray with you again, nor talk with you over that open Bible. It is the last time. Bear then with one more loving and fervent exhortation. In the name of our good College, and by the memory of those who with prayer and toil dedicated its unseen future to the God of Wisdom; in the name of those graduate ranks of staunch and reverent men that now are to receive you; in the name of those who have taught you here with genuine solicitude for your noblest training, "seeking not yours but you," than whom you may find more plausible friends, but none sincerer; — nay, by your own responsibility to your Saviour and your Judge; — I charge you, *be men of second sight!* While the visionaries who fix their affections on this unsubstantial pageant of the senses chide you with absent-mindedness, look you with the vision of the seer, on into the world of ultimate realities, and put the facts of the soul before the fancies of the senses.

Educate your spirit's vision by using it. Leave both the upstarts who make little of life's most serious and unsilenceable questions, and the dastards who avoid them. Let God print upon the inner wall of your very eyelids these words — "AS SEEING THE UNSEEN," and when sense all fails, when you curtain your eyes in that swift prayer for light which each of you must sometime pray, when all is dark but duty, then remember the kingdom of the invisible,

> "nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope: but still bear up, and steer
> Right onward."

You have mistakes but also bright successes behind you: yet neither way are they final. You may offset the mistakes. You must surpass the successes. To answer the time that with a bugle call challenges constancy of soul and the heroisms of a spiritual philosophy, you must hold fast Him who today is so near to you. May the light of the knowl-

edge of the glory of God shine in your hearts in the face of Jesus Christ! He is your soul's Lord, your Master, your Example, your Redeemer. Seize His loving hand! He will stand by you in the furnace of temptation, in the prison of afflictions, in the solitude of responsibility. You shall come more and more intimately to know Him, and more and more deeply as the rough years move, shall you feel that His tender promise is for you, "YET A LITTLE WHILE AND YE SHALL SEE ME."

THE INDISSOLUBLE LIFE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 24, 1894

"*Not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life.*" Hebrews 7:16.

It is necessary to see what these words mean in their connection, and from that force to go toward the great idea into which they open, and which the local application illustrates.

The line stands in a paragraph whose purpose it is to show the supreme priesthood of Jesus Christ, that He is beyond and above the Levitical succession, that He is after the order of the great king-priest to whom even Abraham gave tithes, accepting his blessing as of a better than himself; — that Christ's priesthood, single, complete, unchangeable, is the fulfilment and ideal which no high-priest of Israel had ever attained — offering one final sacrifice, without infirmity and perfected for evermore.

And this paragraph (and chapter), which, however far away it may seem to us, came close to the daily thinking of the Hebrews who first read it, is part of a minute and patient and at last triumphant and rapturous argument, to show the devout Jews who in those apostolic days had accepted the true Messiah, that all they had loved and lived in of rubric and rite was not now despised but transcended; — that they were not to be troubled because the venerable things of their past were changed; for they were fulfiled, not destroyed.

In the Christ, all which they had held so intimate as the vessel and vehicle of a precious covenant and a common worship, was not only made good, but made better.

The whole letter to these believing Israelites bases upon the comparison between the old and the new. Contrasts, general and special, are its whole structure. It is ruled by antithesis, and argues *a fortiori*.

Thus our text is an expression eminently characteristic of the argument into which it enters. Christ's place and office is not carnal, transient, legal: but mighty, quickening, enduring.

Put compactly, here is a summary and a confronting — the Old against the New. Law on the one side, life on the other. The life does not deny the law, it surpasses it, taking a higher outlook and a wider reach. Law works inward from without. Life works outward from within. It is rim *versus* centre,— exterior restraint *versus* interior constraint.

The word 'endless' is much more exactly rendered, as in the margin, by the word *indissoluble* — a life essentially and uninterruptedly one in all its parts.

The old dispensation which led up to the fullness and the fulfilment is set forth as rudimentary and preliminary. It is pedagogical. It is mechanical, not dynamic; and so, a moment later, our writer says, "for there is a disannulling of a foregoing commandment because of its weakness and unprofitableness (for the law made nothing perfect), and a bringing in thereupon of a better hope, thro which we draw nigh unto God."

I urge that this contrast between the temporary scope of that special commandment and the boundless scope of that supreme life, bases upon and illustrates a general truth of high importance. The contrast is representative of the permanent conditions that divide punctiliousness from power, the narrowness of *legality* from the abundance of *life*.

In all the things which we are saying the chief point is this, that there is all the difference between the artificiality of commandment and the spontaneity of life, that there is between Aaron and Christ.

The law of all commandment is the law of criticism and repression, the power of all life is the law of appreciation and expansion.

The destructive opposes the constructive because it is *per se* inhibitive and cannot be creative. All precepts are good

only as they lead to principles. The literal rule is but a means to the end, right living.

Law measures imperfection — life alone can repair and replace. Law may introduce, but it never can complete.

The Bible is not only a history but it also gives a philosophy of history, and it shows the degrees by which carnal rule is led on to spiritual power. The whole climate of Hebrews is changed from that of Leviticus. This was God's way — always is His way. While at first life so far as it can be is stated in the terms of law, at last law is to be transfigured in the terms of life.

Painters and sculptors know rules and work with them: but what knowledge of their rules alone could make a Rubens or a Thorwaldsen! The Idylls of the King are grammar *plus* Tennyson! A Lamia is prosody *plus* Keats! The Gettysburg speech was history *plus* Lincoln!

By law we learn to avoid death; but it is by the contact of the inspiration of a superior life that we learn to live.

And these two dispensations, of law and of life, furnish forth two realms, an upper and a lower, in one of which we must all dwell. The upper includes the lower — life is not *extra* legal, but *super* legal. He who denies or despises law has not learned it, and must, if he would ever go up, go down again to the first principles and rudiments; but law cannot say the last word. For instance, marriage is a contract. That is a sorry marriage which forgets its contract, — that is also a sorry marriage which is only a contract. Carnal commandment *must* be underneath, but it must be *underneath*, — the "power of an indissoluble life."

We may choose, and we must, whether we will live positively or negatively. I mean, whether we shall be actively or passively good, whether we shall have that timid and hand-to-mouth behavior which is mainly concerned not to make mistakes, or that vital eagerness which is far more concerned to avoid making nothing! A man may be negatively good, in the sense that he does no mischief. Such an one

idolizes caution until it becomes impotence. His keeping of law is as if one for fear of going wrong were to lash himself to the sign-post at a four-corners; or as if a soldier were to save his powder for fear his gun might burst; or as if a sick man to assure himself against an error by the pharmacist were to swallow the prescription!

Keeping law means more than eluding penalty. He is still coarse and carnal who does not perceive that sin and the consent thereto is the thing law indicates that seeing its naked abominableness, the soul may cry out for His help Who has the power of the indissoluble life, in Whom "the law of the spirit of life makes free from the law of sin and death." The differentiation of negative from positive goodness may be noted in contrasting the altitudes of the Siniatic Law and the teaching on the Mount, desert Arabia with fertile Galilee. Here we get right at the idea — the two ways of one God: but this introductory, that complete. We may not refuse either way, and we must be sure that the primer of a particular command is mastered and not skipped. Neither is it the end. It is much to avoid concrete evil, and so the ten words go on — "*Thou shalt not*" — it is goodness by exclusion. It is safe: but when Christ comes to translate precept into spirit, He gives goodness by inclusion, which is strength. He blesses the humble, suffering, restrained, eager for right, merciful, pure, pacific; in other words, He chooses and extols the life that begins within. In summing the law of Moses into two commandments, He made active love to God and man the whole result. Christ states actual goodness anew by showing how ten "thou shalt nots" equal two "thou shalts." Positive goodness is less verbal and more direct. Life advances by exchanging negatives for affirmatives. By mastering rules we grow into relations, using the go-cart that we may walk without it. When the mechanical has become the natural, when effort has become spontaneity, when the crudeness of intention has become the second-nature of intuition, when one has learned to absorb the principle

that is the kernel of the rule, then the elocutionist has become the orator, the disciple the apostle. One noble conformance is worth eight or ten avoidances. Much 'searching of scripture' is a search for vetos; over-pruning and not enough mulching. Doubtless too much of the education of children says, Don't, don't — instead of Do, do. The primary lesson so long as needed (but no longer) must be to stop from error; but to proceed in right is the path of life. Preoccupation is protection — a higher interest supplants a lower. When a child can be made to laugh it already has quit crying. The way for a man to leave stinginess is to begin generosity. Presently Scrooge is no longer himself! It was because his goodness had been so far only negative — keeping the "shalt nots" — that the young man to whom Christ opened the positive and eternal life went away frowning! Meaning not to do harm is much less than determining to do good. The two words go deeper than the ten, and so at first seem harder to keep: but when drudgery has been overruled by vitality they prove easier. There is all the difference that lies between a balloon and a bird, inflation and wings.

We never do anything right well until we do it unconsciously. To be over-aware of self is to be awkward, or at least artificial. The senses are to be exercised by use until they cease to do ill by learning to do well. One must think of the target, not of the arrow; of the bird, not of the gun; of the listener, not of the song; of the soul, not of the sermon. Negative goodness is prim and timid, too self-concerned to dare aggression. It guards its rear instead of advancing its front. It adopts the tactics of McClellan rather than of Sheridan! And still the philosophy of making the provisional seem to be the permanent treats symptoms instead of dealing positively and radically with causes. Tonic is better than lancet. Build up the system and the disturber quits. Get health in and sickness goes out. Health does not recollect the body. It is when life loses its hold and power that

the patient has to fall back upon carnal commandment. A great deal of our religious living is at a dying rate, or at least feeble and sickly, because it forgets that the way to fight asphyxia is not by vacuum but by quantity of fresh air. There is a style of piety that is mainly pathological, speaking with the accent of invalidism, measuring mournful doses and adjusting hot-water bags. The power of the Living-One still as of old summons chronic debility and selfish neurasthenia out of itself, "Arise, take up thy bed, walk"!

It is the expulsive and propulsive dynamic of what is positive that "gives power to the feeble, and to them that have no might increases strength." The locomotive gets up steam by going — the more speed the more draft. To warm a room one must close the window: but he must also light the fire; for to raise the temperature the stove is far more necessary than the thermometer. To get darkness out one does not use a broom but a lamp. Enter truth, *exeunt* lies. Enter liberty, *exit* bondage. Power is in the ratio of displacement. "Fire makes room for itself," say the Japanese. While dupes consent, tyrants rule them, — not longer. The Czar will experience Siberia just as soon as freedom shatters rotten beaurocracy. There will be a different Russia when there are different Russians.

America will have better cities just so soon as it has better citizens. There will be a morally "Greater New York" when there are greater New Yorkers, — no earlier. Bad men can be kept out only by putting good men in. That spasmodic reform which stops half-way is illustrated in Christ's parable of the untenanted house. It was cleansed: but it was suffered to stand empty, and so it became again the kennel of demons.

Not doing is undoing. To rest in negations of wrong, rather than to be zealous to affirm good, makes so big and fatal the bulk of sins of omission. "*Ye did it not*" may be the irrevocable sentence! He who is either so irresolute or so proud as never to risk a mistake will never do anything. The

talent wrapped in a napkin and hid in a hole hurt no one: but it helped no one. No servant will enter into the joy of his Lord by proving that he never did much ill.

The really upright life must be downright, — willing to blunder *on*, to stumble *forward*, to fall *up*. Real virtue is active, overt. It does and moves. It is measured by its momentum. A good citizen is not merely one who keeps out of the criminal court. It is of course something not to go to state's prison: but that cannot be the sum of patriotism. Certainly I hope that none of you will ever be hung: but I really hope more for you than that! A Christian is other than merely one who does not flagrantly violate the moral law. All the sanctions of respectability, *ad infinitum* or *ad nauseam*, cannot make a life of perpetuity. Abstinences from evil are worth while, so far: but it is not the ill we let go but the good we hold fast that sizes us.

The whole Jewish system established at once the value and the weakness of commandment. It was indispensable as an introduction; altogether deficient as a conclusion. It was the preceptor of adolescence — a "tutor until the time appointed." The grandeur of Judaism was its original advance into precept; its decadence and stultification was in its refusal to see how law was intended to lead on to and into life. Coming to worship carnal rule it at last rejected the vital and perpetual newness of its great Consummator. It learned the letter of exclusiveness and refused the Spirit of inclusiveness. It put the trellis for the vine. Thus it elevated the scribe above the prophet and dwindled to a retrospect. The Jews of our Lord's time had become high-protectionists in religion, and to exalt privileges denied stewardship, ignoring or hating all non-Jews. The Son of Man announcing the ripeness of a changed order, breaking down the partitions of severalty, declaring that the special could only be fulfilled in the universal, arraying the positive against the negative life, endured the inevitable contradiction of parchment and phylactery and signed the charter and covenant of emancipation

from these with the sign of the cross! The monastic spirit repeated the mistake of moribund Judaism, and in turn its carnal and perfunctory system went down before the power of wholeness of life. For it is the way of life to transcend circumstance not by caution but by character, not merely to quote a maxim and do a task, but to inspire an ideal and incarnate its joy. This is the freedom of the soul which perceives the spiritual goal of instances and rubric, and (never disdaining their concrete value) holds them always as nonfinalities. So does the flood-tide first follow, then fill, and then with its broad sway cover, the little indentations of its estuaries. Then the boats go wide and free that at low-ebb must strictly heed the channel.

Ramadan, or Lent, or Sunday,—think how these are kept merely by abstention, instead of by a typical and sacramental substitution of works of love and mercy. If the Lord's day were once used by the alleged followers of Christ in His way, in helping the hungry and heartening the distressed,—even if sleek congregations upon cushioned seats sang fewer lyrics in good-natured praise of the cross,—had less entertainment in the way of 'sacred rhetoric' with all the week for anti-climax—that were to keep the day holy. Long ago Isaiah described the fast God has chosen.

The way we keep the fourth commandment is a specimen of our conception of the others—*not* doing this and that. It irritates our self-complacency to be told that clean linen and general inertia are only negative virtues and that it is the fulness of the law to "*do good* on the Sabbath." We are semi-Jewish yet in our Christianity! It is vain for us to hope to understand Christ by mere ceremony and rite. He is the pattern of an affirmative and constructive life. The old priesthood offered something else: but He offered Himself. That offering of self is our only availing answer to His call Who said that the way to find life is to lose it. He does not now preach economy: but great investment! It is the engineer's business to burn coal, not to save it!

This whole and indissoluble book is a book of positive and so of profound theories of life. It offers to supplant the vagueness and barrenness of mere negations by invincible realities. It gives us law as a base of operations. It teaches us to answer the allegations of doubt by the power of Christ. We are to put off the old man by putting on the new, to cease to do evil by learning to do well. Might of spirit does not come by carnal measurements. Doubt dies by deed. It is answered by fidelities, not disputations. It is not what we controvert, but what we demonstrate, that tells. No party and no person is long tolerated whose only outfit is a grievance. *Non credo* makes few converts. Trust alone can vanquish distrust and "overcome evil with good." The distinction of all conquering greatness is its displacement of shabby apologizing by daring aggressions. It is in this direction that Phillips Brooks so wisely noted, "how many more resolutions to do right are kept than resolutions not to do wrong." Better be strenuous for one truth than against ten lies! In chess or in war defensive tactics may postpone defeat, but only offensive tactics win the game.

When in Rio harbor our Admiral manned the guns of the Detroit and said, *I will act* — he defended American noncombatants and British too, and all Saxons said Amen! Do your duty and take the risks. To live is much more than merely *not to die!*

"HERE LIES ONE WHO NEVER DID MUCH HARM."

Who wants that for his epitaph? But if mortuary marble were less diplomatic how often this negative legend would summarize a nominal life! Webster on his last couch said, "I still live." Someone attempted to repeat his word, and got so near as to make it, "*I ain't dead yet.*" There is a difference!

Abandon is the dynamic before which prudentialities shrivel. Personal will alone can rouse the wills of others.

At the siege of Port Hudson, in May '63, when the invest-

ment had been made complete and the lines were almost within talking distance, the Rebels had at one point erected a powerful redoubt, crowned with rifled cannon and crowded with sharpshooters. The Federal soldiers dubbed the spot Fort Infernal. It silenced the works in its immediate front and made the trenches deadly. Its vomit of iron seemed as if set with a hair-trigger. On the evening of July 6th General Banks sent for the officers commanding the opposed Union front. He sharply criticised the apparent inaction of the assailants, and to the reply of Col. Berrien that half his guns were dismounted and the redoubt impregnable, the General gave orders that at nine the next morning, at whatever cost of life, the battery should be stormed. "It shall be done," replied the Colonel, his bronzed cheek burning under the implied rebuke as he saluted and turned away to consult with his subordinate officers. With one voice they pronounced the attack hopeless and declared that the men would not obey a command that meant the annihilation of their columns. Sternly the Colonel answered them all: "Gentlemen, the attack will be made if I make it alone!"

At half-past eight of the 7th of July, the troops mustered close in the trenches stood gloomy and unresponsive to the words of their commander, as with a few words to each company he inspected the line. Watch in hand he waited the moment, and as the finger marked nine, with sword in hand he leaped to the parapet. "*Forward!*" A tremor fluttered down the front: but they remained irresolute — and there their Colonel, the lead hornets swarming about him. "FORWARD! CHARGE!" Heads went down, dark shame flushed the faces, yet they stayed. "Cover your carcasses, cowards — *I* will storm the battery!" About face and alone! Twelve steps, and over the breastworks went Color-sergeant Whittaker, and there were two! A sword, a flag, and the cannon gouging the earth about them to left, to right, the sleet of death pitiless! Madmen, shoulder to

shoulder! The fire slackened, heads peered over parapet and bastion, gazing at the two. Then the significance of it dawned on the beholders, and alike from Unionists and Rebels there went up a wild Saxon cheer. It was life! Out of the trenches and over the earthworks came the regiment, wild with the passion to do — tho doing were dying. On and over and in! Steel to steel, soul to soul,— they would have stormed Hell!

No one remembered how, but it was done, and as the grimy remnant gathered about the shredded flag struck into the parapet, they heard the faint voice of their wounded Colonel: "Well, boys, you came, after all!"

Fort Infernal had fallen, and with it Port Hudson.

Men of the Class of '94:

You stand here now with sealed orders as to where you are to live and labor: but the whereby and whereunto, this text taken to heart makes an open secret. "Κατὰ δύναμιν ζωῆς ἀκαταλύτου" — Power, Life, Indivisibility — what words are these to heed as you go! Carrying love in your hearts for the fair Mother who has done more for you than you now can guess, may you vindicate and honor her by your positive deeds. *Acta non verba!* In the ever-growing library of memory cherish these four volumes, today nearing the last paragraph, and of which the whole sum is this: "Quit you like men, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." "If your virtues do not go forth of you, 't were all alike as if you had them not." Submit your souls to Him Who can evoke your latent capabilities as the miracle of irrigation makes the Arizona deserts into gardens.

Let fidelity to your inmost natures add your lives to that phalanx of light which is turning the battle to the gates.

The sixteen-year old boy who against a field of expert men won recently a great bicycle race, said a thing worth remembering. He was eagerly questioned as to how he did it. "I took the best gait that I thought I could maintain

for the twenty miles, and kept it up just the same from start to finish. I did not look at any one, but just held my eyes on the ground ahead of my wheel and kept up my gait." There were famous sprinters competing with him, but he did not sprint. They were watching others to see what they were doing, but he watched none but himself. That is the moral route by which souls reach the goal!

God free you from sordid seductions, from base appetite, from the paltry ambitions of the many, and number all of you with the glorious few who refuse the sham goodness of conventionality for the tasks and triumphs of the more excellent way. God fulfill for you every desire of goodness and every work of faith with power. May your souls realize themselves in service, "Like perfect music unto perfect words,"— and so may you attain the crown of life!

RADICAL AND CONSERVATIVE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 23, 1895

Every scribe who hath been made a disciple unto the kingdom of Heaven, is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. Matthew 13:52.

RIGHT upon the utterance of several notable parables, Christ turned to His disciples, asking them: "Have ye understood?" And at once to that close question He added the words which illustrate how much He meant by really understanding. Therein He described the width and abundance of His own instructions, and so showed what in his degree every true teacher must be.

He would have all disciples learn to be such teachers, bringing them by expectant and eager attention to the sweep and search of His word and work, into the open secret of His method and His purpose. He teaches, as also He rules, by the way both of continuity and of increase. To Him, and in Him, time and its tenses are not fragmentary, and truth is a unit both constant and augmenting.

All that this keeper of His house brings forth, (*throws forth* — swiftly, determinedly) — out of His abundant thesaurus, or treasury, is precious. There is no rubbish there, no moth-fret nor rust. Thence we are to accept and adopt "things new and old." What we now affirm and urge is the equal oldness and newness of the teachings of Christ. He certainly made good this declaration in both argument and accent.

The words of this Instructor of time were as emphatic and sedate as Mt. Horeb, and as fresh as the balsamed winds that blew out of Gilead to ruffle the mirror of the Galilee; as old as the light and as new as the morning.

So it came that they who had found the soul and substance of elder revelation, welcomed gladly His authentic message,

and that unsophisticated every-day men trusted Him as an authoritative interpreter of those primary problems which lie near to plain hearts. So also those who could only value quotation marks, who had no insight of that which lay back of ceremonial and rubric, who idolized idioms and had lost the idea, failed to comprehend this Scribe of the Spirit and the divine truth-kingdom He announced.

Whoever, then, held to Christ Himself, and pressed past the objections of unfaith and semi-faith, found Him deeper than the oldest words of men, brighter than the newest. It is the same now.

The whole story of that Wisdom Incarnate establishes our text. It was the chord in which His entire testimony was set.

And I go on to say that our Lord's illumination of " things new and old " was not an exception, but rather a specimen of all the normal and constant self-manifestation of God.

The material of truth is changeless, its form is never twice alike. Christ here asserts the variety in its unity. One treasury, many things. Let us open wide our minds. This heavenly and kingly Scribe is wiser than our half-sight, and quietly rebukes that mental attitude which looks only in one direction, whether that be backward or forward. For he who but considers the East, equally with him who but considers the West, ignores half of the total day.

Christ summons us to live under a whole sky. In Him and in His words, and in those who best know and most resemble Him, the past and the present are held not in opposition but in sympathy.

The partial is the easier and the feebler. The sturdier and more genial way loves to discover the combination, the union, the vital identity of what has been done with what is doing now. For, just as every June is both a result and a cause, the child of an elder and the mother of a junior summer, so in all the spirit's life the past and the present are blended in Him Who has " neither beginning of days nor end of years."

Man in his obstinate fallibility easily lapses into one or the other of two equally incomplete frames of mind — living on the one hand only in what is old, and on the other hand only in what is new.

Each mistake is a mistake not only of one-sidedness but of outsidedness — the mistake of identifying the eternal substance with its transient appearance, of preferring accident above essence, fashion above fact.

These opposite moods are of course largely temperamental: but it is the business of a rational soul to overcome predisposition and bias, and to get rid of its stiffneckedness by realizing that man's head is not set on a pedestal but on a pivot!

Some minds are eager for any change, and some are angry at any. The one is born senile, and the other dies puerile. Each of these classes has its own dislike, whether muttered or mumb, to the under-thought, the wide comprehension of our text. One secretly wishes that Christ had spoken only "things old," and the other would have even from Him only "things new." One frustrates truth of its eternal summits of ozone and outlook, the other would ignore its permanent foundation and base. But every mountain that has heights has also depths. Altitude measures both ways.

The man who loves the old only as old, and the man who seeks the new only as new — each thinks with but one brain-lobe. He whose discipline is unto the wide kingdom of Heaven, loves what is true whether it seems old or new, — loves it because it is always both old and new.

There are two words which in current and somewhat careless fashion are made the class-titles of these alternative habits of mind,—the words Radical and Conservative. Nothing can be more deplorable than to fall entirely under either category, whichsoever it be; for either, by itself, is segmental.

Conservative means preservative. Under this title range all those who dread and repel change, who are angered by

the unexpected and tormented by agitation. The Conservative hoards decisions and loves only what is gradual and guaranteed. Custom and continuity are his comfort, and he is apt to look with a stony face upon the unconventional. An ounce of caution is worth to him a ton of daring. Sudden and precipitous men, who would crowd all tenses into the present, who delight in speed and scorn the steam-guage and the escape-valve, who (as Lowell said) "must see the world saved before night," are his abhorrence, and these in turn renounce the Conservative as impossible, coagulated, obsolescent!

But whether the Conservative is a dullard and dotard or a seer and safeguard, rests upon his particular scope and motive. For to test one time by all times, to resist swiftness in the interest of strength, to weigh secure axioms against rash importunities — this is wisdom, and he who has it saves the future, postponing the unripe today that he may secure the bountiful tomorrow. The true Conservative declines both green apples and rotten. The false Conservative, if he marches at all, marches backward. He is crabbed and hard-shelled. He is an antiquary and mediævalist. He adores inertia and is an incorrigible temporizer. "His strength is to sit still." His *forte* is negation. He worships in a pantheon of mummies. To him the present is but a pile of exhausted slag, and history is not a nursery but a graveyard. He likes his manna pickled. Experience is sacred to him as a means wherewith to rebuke hope. He can only accept the prophecies that were long ago fulfilled and the miracles that are memories. The best days are past. He believes only *memoriter*, and maxims are his finality.

The Radical is the man who would go to the root. The tops of things do not satisfy him. His watchword is *Thoro*. He is assertive, aggressive, intense, sweeping. He nails a besom at his mast-head. He does not add precedents, and he forswears formulas. He prefers any innovation rather

than to endure mortmain. Yeast is his element. He rides bare-backed revolution. He wields the iconoclast's hammer, and loves axe and plow and the rubbish-searching flame.

Routine men, who adore yellow parchment and pale rubrications and chancery-tape and all that is canonical, resent the Radical as an intruder, an impracticable, and a fanatic.

But whether the Radical is a sheer destroyer or a sublime reformer depends upon whether he too is farsighted or nearsighted, upon whether mere destruction or reconstruction is his ultimate goal. There is a crude and cruel temper whose whole passion it is not to extend boundaries but to trample them, whose essence is lawless and anarchic. Upon whatever plane of theory of affairs, he who thinks hard without thinking far, or moves fast but not firmly, is a danger and may become a disaster.

No classification of men is ever exhaustively accurate. No man falls exactly within a single category. But the instance of the partisan who disdains experience, who renounces the sequence of causes, whose prospect scorns retrospect, who mistakes a fancy for a revelation, who thinks his dividend can decree its own divisor, who falls with hysterical rapture upon the neck of "each new-hatched, unfledged comrade,"— he will occur under a hundred names. He has his use as a scourge and a warning — the false Radical, who does *not* go to the root.

Of the radicalism of wild excess, clashing with the conservatism of stupid lethargy, the France of just a century ago was a sufficient instance,— the collision of two collossal madnesses !

This then remains; that either type of opinion and method, prevailing in isolation, emphasizes one, and but one, of the two necessary complementary phases of a full human activity. Man is to look fore and aft. The best guns are turreted and command both bow and stern. One can wisely neglect neither the synthesis that groups time into unity — "broadening down from precedent to precedent," — nor the

analysis which subjects all phases, customs, statutes, constitutions, to reinvestigation.

The wild Radical puts out his torch at midnight; the blind Conservative shakes his torch in the face of the noon: but he who has disclaimed infallibility goes, at whatever hour, by the best light that hour offers. There they sit, in senates or on thrones, robed in the livery of officialism or brain-bound with hoops of gem-set gold, waiting, or muttering "nothing can be done," the "everlasting No," the *non possumus* of imbecility. History puts them into its museums of fossils. George III. may stand for a specimen, or you may take the impotent indecision of James Buchanan. And there too they rush, frantic, screaming that everything must be done at once! — your Wilkes, Dantons, Garrisons.

But now and then an epoch advances which combines both moods. It becomes crystalline and effective. The scarce and ambidextrous man stands up to say, "Something can be done now, if not everything, and what can be done, shall be." With this man comes an era. In him the old order changes, as the dried leaves fall before the outpushing buds while their tree lives and expands. Seeing both possible harms, reckoning with both the obstacles and the helps, enduring or daring but never shirking, this man waits with a patience that is not delay, and works with a sureness that is not haste. The really large one lays the axe to the root, that he may conserve the truths blighted under the rank shadow of a lie; and he also holds back impetuosity, "lest with the tares it pull up the wheat also."

In writing upon the Long Parliament, Macaulay has a terse and balanced paragraph upon this matter, and he concludes: "In the sentiments of both classes there is something to approve. But, of both, the best specimens will be found not far from the common frontier."

Truly it is not in the frigid zone nor the torrid, but in the temperate, that the greatest events issue and endure. But, that being said, it is not for the dawdlers and sybarites to

estimate the stern resolve of an Elijah fronting Jezebel, of Elisabeth's son denouncing Herodias, of Savonarola, and Beza, and Knox, and Sam Adams, and Phillips, and Sumner. Time-servers cannot realize the indelible influences of the commonwealth of Cromwell, nor can tuft-hunters perceive that he was England's truest king. When such deputy-sheriffs of Almighty God utter their summons let men heed. "So shall He startle many nations." "Kings shall shut their mouth at Him." These radicals are conservative too, tho in a way no small calipers can measure. But in a range far above these stand the calm, comprehensive souls, who know how to work while waiting and wait while working, and their appealing eyes look past the hour and the event for the verdict of God. Plato and Tacitus and the nameless writer of the book of Job stand there. There are Angelo and Kepler. There, silent, tender, time-abiding, upon a pedestal cut from the core of things, which no man manufactured and no man can mar, Lincoln stands. The spherical man is he who beyond the symbol seeks the essence, and who will have that, cost how it may, and will at any cost keep it.

Supreme herein is He upon whose lips absolute righteousness and everlasting peace kissed each other, and to Him — whether we would dare or endure, pity or denounce, cut down or build up, — to Him we turn for the complete example of the symmetrical life, the life in which all the traits of nobility are coordinate and entire, in which wisdom is not cold nor zeal roiled. Whosoever would follow Him must be a manifold man, Conservative and Radical in one.

Under the domain and dominion of Christ, the old and the new, instead of warring, wed. Judgment replaces, and enthusiasm restores.

The two terms we are discussing are not absolute, but relative. That is only a so-called conservatism, not really such, which mistakes routine associations for the truth itself, and identifies the treasure with the earthen vessel, preferring an empty ark to a living Messiah.

The true conserver is a Radical in desiring to keep the real thing. The perennial second commandment is dearer to him than any transient device. Form is to him the utility and life alone is holy. He would preserve what is older than all form in any form that will hold it, and would rather have a quart of truth in a square cup than a pint of truth in a round one. Christ was such. His balance was far superhuman. He whipped the traffickers from the temple, yet predicted that temple's overthrow. He rebuked petrified tradition while declaring, "I came not to destroy but to fulfill." To the Pharisees He seemed a rash leveller, to the Herodians a futile moralist. His very disciples often wanted to hasten or to restrain Him: but He would neither hurry nor delay.

He came to 'set men at variance,' to 'kindle a fire,' to 'send a sword,' to say, "every plant that My Father hath not planted shall be rooted up," "he that is not for us is against us": but, and also, He considered the bruised reed-pen, and the smouldering flax-wick, the little ones, the lost sheep, and turning pride upside down He put in the beatitudes a premium upon what the world despises, and He said, "he that is not against us is on our part." Evolution and revolution wrought together. Positive yet patient, daring yet cautious, never hedging and never hasting, He was outwardly all that men did not expect and would not comprehend, and inwardly all that they needed. While he never snarled nor sneered, He never mitigated His meaning nor receded from his program.

He affirmed principles and left them to work out their applications. He was too slow for some and too swift for others — bi-partisanship scouted Him. He was so supreme that no one measured Him. President Hyde well says: "The average good man is equally at war with the bad man who is below him and the progressively good man who is above him. The reformer and the criminal are about equally obnoxious to the man of average goodness and intelligence.

The prophets and the betrayers are equally odious and promiscuously stoned. The Saviour is crucified between two thieves."

Still the Church is but semi-christian in its emancipation from what is seen and temporary. It still but begins to know its mission as Christ's ideal of society. We fail to see that the husk is precious only for the kernel's sake, and that when the wheat is gone what is left is but straw and chaff. The old is good while it covers the new; after that it is a dry pod.

John the Baptist was one mighty Radical who illustrated the law that they who wield sharp tools must feel them: but that axe of his laid to the upas-tree of hollow words was the reconstructive agent the time was most in need of, and his lonely voice was the herald of Israel's King.

Every great preserver is called a deformer till he is gone. Men are prone to garnish the sepulchres of their prophets with epitaphs: but the prophets with epithets. The many feel more secure when those who compel them to think are under a good-sized slab!

It remains for us, if we would neither tear nor raffle this seamless text, to hold to the fluidity of God's purpose and providence, and to see the sacredness of all its conduits, whether present or past. They are neither identical nor independent. Truth is perennial, and we hold what we have of it both as the heirs of our parents and as the trustees of our children.

That age is most important which does the most to emphasize what is of permanent importance. The wise man perceives both what is permanent and what is progressive, neither unduly preponderating. The new and the old do not impeach one another. Origins, means, and ends — all are coordinate. Revelation is a process by which what is vital and seminal constantly adapts and enlarges its new expressions. Finality is death, and prejudice the *rigor mortis*.

'Providence unfolds the Book.' It is not a kaleidoscope

for a toy, but a telescope for a tool, and it looks deeper than any of us is aware.

Christ planted a thousand seeds that now are forests. Under that Argus-eyed, Atlas-shouldered, Briareus-handed Leader both the intensive and the extensive life find scope. Under that calm and conquering dominion we are not to be terrified at ideas that surpass and supersede our inherited schemes. One could not, for instance, crowd our modern and still tentative conception of missionary duty into the ideals of the eighteenth century.

Slavery, feudalism, the serfdom of one sex, have felt the touch of Christ's sceptre; and the cowardice of wealth, as the envy of want—all usages without reason, are yet to own His ever-germinal Kingdom.

We are to imitate fidelity, not fashions. As our forbears did, so must we,— tell what we learn of God in our own words! We must mint our own coin-current. We are not invited to repeat the wile of the Gibeonites, and provide ourselves with what is dry and mouldy! Miracles are not repeated; greater ones are wrought. He who accustoms himself to God's Spirit finds the old renewed in larger wonders. God's latency is all in all. He does not exhaust. Life is incessant innovation. It is only when one stops going that his horizon and perspectives no longer change. "*Tempora non animum*"— "They change their skies but not their souls who traverse the ocean." New seas are sailed under new stars. It is not the familiar scene but the intimate companion that makes life's journey serene. If you are scholars of the great Teacher, He will give you both review lessons and advance, and outgrowing your garments you will find that your apprehension of today will not fit you tomorrow, certainly not the day after tomorrow. Lot's wife for a parable!

We are put into a day that forces us upon God. Much does our Lord's word apply to our very time. It is a strong detergent to "every disciple unto the kingdom of Heaven."

The giant is out of the bottle! The era of analysis is not accidental, it is providential. Man needed it. The Church needed it. God awakens us from the "opiate of usage." It is a revival. The ages in which the status is unchanged are wintry ages. In scholarship, legislation, society, religion, the motionless times are the moribund. Life must either be moribund or more abundant!

A time like this of ours is deplored by those who dread any change and adored by those who love all change: but, if sane, we will neither neglect nor abuse its disciplines. We may neither surrender to every challenge nor reject every claim. Truth is not shaken by either assault or doubt. We can do nothing against it. *Magna et prevelabit* — spite of harsh attack or feeble defense.

Just as to a man walking too fast upon a city's crowded sidewalk, every other man is too slow, and to a man walking too slowly every other man is too fast, so the pace of the world is a limitation which we can somewhat affect, but to which, to affect it, we must somewhat conform. We are to advance, if effectively, neither laggardly nor too fast. We are to have new things and old, old things and new. The web if unfolded will show that every true age has pressed home new woof upon the old warp. We cannot do more than to utter our own convictions, and we may not dare do less, both aggressive and circumspect, neither timid nor tumid.

The processes of readjustment compel the processes of restatement, and both these processes come often with clamor and always with pain: but only those wring their hands whose assurances are outside of God. There are half-men, who only see one way, and there are ages dominated by such men that are only half-ages: but whole men and whole ages look both ways, and sailing by North Star or Southern Cross are piloted by Him Who sees all and will show all. Holding to Him the genuine soul will not shiver nor shrink.

What we all need is less anxiety over precedent and more

confidence in God. In the trust that history is prophecy, that God is here, that He still steers the world, the deep seers of our century have spoken. "In Memoriam" voices it. Whittier is the bard of "that great law which makes the past time serve today."

> "Whate'r of good the old time had
> Is living still. * * *
> God works in all things. All obey
> His first propulsions from the night.
> Ho, wake and watch! The world is grey
> With morning light."

No, "this is not our rest," for body or mind. We are *in transitu*. Our souls are under marching orders and lodge in tents.

Then what this word of Christ should fix in us is, that truth is eternally young. Revelation, nature, man, providence, yield perpetual increase. The encyclopedia of knowledge must be supplemented with annual volumes.

Pondering the inexhaustibleness of the treasures of God hid in Christ, richer, deeper, wider, with every practical test of them, a truly reverent philosophy of the world as His must take on continually grander proportions, and must speak with ever-mightier convictions and ever-better arguments.

No true science remains stationary. Geology, chemistry, astronomy, biology, even history,— what changes of method and result have these undergone in three generations! But the objects have not changed, nor have the necessary mathematics of thought wherewith we work.

World and event prove Christ the Interpreter of time and eternity. The more He does the more He both confirms and expands. His words are not Dead Seas, but wells of living water. The "Heir of all things," His latest words are His largest. Who shall debar His illimitable and crescent sway upon Whom all converges and from Whom all radiates, the old and the new blending in His integrity?

Men of the Class of '95:

This 'commencement' is an ending; but far more is it a beginning. Poetic fitness, as well as convenience, long ago transferred it from the autumn of the college year to the summer. Your real curriculum is not behind you, but before.

You are now to translate and parse that "*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum Collegisse juvat.*" The Olympic dust is yonder. The college has been but your introduction to the '*collegisse.*" You are whirling up to the line, and are all but ready for the word. Let me add my voice to the sending cheer.

When you come panting and straining to the finish — "the goal nicely-avoided by the glowing wheels, and the noble palm"— the voices that shout "Well done!" will not sound here! In that eternal commencement, having "finished your course with joy," may it be true of you each and all, in a far deeper sense than blithe Horace ever considered, —"*evehit ad Deos!*" Bethink yourselves that you are charioteers —"a θέατρον to the universe and to angels." I am sure that you would admonish the new-fledged Sophomores here, who are kindly translating my little Latin to the maidens beside them — ("*junctaeque Nymphis gratiae decentes*") — to bestir themselves even already for that third summer hence when they too shall gather taut the reins for their life race.

Good-bys are always trite: but not the less are they solemn. Already, to two of your company — to Frank Burrowes, who died in September, '93, and to John R. Myers, jr., who died in July, '94,— you have said the irrevocable farewell. Forty-six men began the work of your class four years ago; now twenty-nine complete the roll. Never, after this week, will so many of you gather under one roof! In groups you will return to the hillside of your common love: but little by little your ranks will gather closer, until, perhaps in 1955, you will hold your last class meeting — of one! He will

come, the relic of you all. He will ride up the hill he can then no longer climb. He will, with some young guide not to be born for thirty years yet, observe the stately new buildings and people the old with you and your comrades of the moss-grown nineteenth century. Perhaps he will say a kindly word at the mound where one shall then be resting who for three years, under whatever college vicissitudes, was a good friend of '95. He will look out upon the lovely slopes and beyond the curving hills, the boys will gather in their caps and gowns and cheer,—

Boom Rah ! Boom Rah ! Who is he ?
Vive La ! Vive La ! XCV !

— and then — he will go down into the valley !

But between this and that day work lies — your real standing is to be registered. It is a grand time to live ! Live boldly ! We shall watch you from this signal station. You will be welcomed back, with your honors new and old. The white spire and its far-flashing point will guide you from afar. The bell will greet you. The old well will bubble for you. You will send along your boys for the nineteen-twenties. All good to you in the strenuous years upon which you enter ! Be Christ's men ! Accept every one of you His name and His guerdon of self-sacrifice; and graduate at last, " having obtained the good degree," and all of you with high honor !

THE REVELATIONS OF RESERVE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 21, 1896

I have yet many things to say unto you; but ye can not bear them now.
— John 12:16.

THIS was said in that upper room and on that passion-night when more tenderly and more fully than ever before our Lord opened His heart to the eleven who loved Him. He sought thus to prepare them for the experiences so new, so near, and still so incomprehensible. But His words even then were not so much an explanation as an embrace. We are always furnished best for our next steps by personal love to our Leader, rather than by vision of the way.

Too much foreknowledge would baffle and daunt us. Each page of instruction has its back to the page beyond. God's books are printed leaf by leaf — continuous sense and constant surprise await each turn. Progress and reserve go together. Revelation, which is an unended and an endless process, accommodates itself to immaturity by its hidings of both grace and power. "By divers portions and in divers manners" God prepared the way by the prophets and "in the fulness of time" declared His Son. He developed His meaning as rapidly as it could be at all accepted. And when the Christ was made manifest, even to those nearest Him, and to them because nearest, "He spake the Word as they were able to bear it." Revelation were wasted were there not readiness for it. Growth is the only method of God that we know, and His omniscience waits upon human capacity so that curiosity shall neither be tantalized or drowned. Waiting is not delay, but preparation. The withholding is full of tender promise. Just because all is not given at once we are sure there will be more. What we can bear we shall hear. Each testimony, to the end, is to be shown in "its own times." God's motherliness meets our spiritual diges-

tion with food convenient, and neither offering that which is unripe nor that for which we are unready, makes distinction between babe's milk and man's meat. Eye teeth come earlier ; wisdom teeth later. We do not expect a " Clark prize " exhibition from Freshmen ; but four years from now we shall expect from *you* more than that. Because living is learning, you will all outgrow yourselves many times before Earth's school is over.

The guardian must await the competency of his ward, and the heir must be under tutors and governors while his nonage lasts. That possession without preparation may be a mortal damage is shown by the many wrecks of those who come into a great estate without experience of values and with undisciplined wills. God graduates his demands to our aptitudes, and that we may not be overborne He puts primer before grammar, and syntax before prosody. He guages the strain to match the muscle, and does not impose upon adolescence either the reflections or the responsibilities of full manhood. He does not expect the child to speak as a man, nor the man to think as a child.

Christ's tuition in Galilee was a signal instance of divine discipline. Nazareth was no great place; but there the boy Jesus learned obedience, and so came to a stature of soul to endure the gaze of a nation and the apparent ignominy of a Roman cross! There He learned to teach men as they were able to receive and to temper the light to the vision.

Or take this Book. How part led on to part! How its story marches! What an " increasing purpose " it registers! How the relative moves toward the absolute! By provisional stages and by steady advances — from Exodus to Nehemiah — it covers eleven hundred years. Then the "four centuries of silence," then Bethlehem. Again from the Ascension sixty years more before the beloved disciple laid down his pen, with " Many other things did Jesus which are not written." It is a cumulative record, growing as now in finest lithography the print takes new lines and tints from

successive stones. Each century added its own impression. What a witness is this Book whose study has formed a strong component part of your curriculum, to the manner as well as the matter of providential truth! As literature it is august, but as an evidence of God's pedagogic way it is sublime. He has but an illiberal education who has not been taught in these Scriptures the fundamental philosophy of history. The evolution of redemption is the highest appeal to the patience of hope, and the deepest assurance that "of the increase of His government there shall be no end."

What a surrender it is to fail to recognize that the divine is always the interhuman, and to estimate the times of the Judges by the times of the Evangelists — to speak as if Jacob could have understood Paul! Each age was an advance. Abraham was of one period, Moses of another; but Moses, shepherd tho he was, could not have written the Twenty-third Psalm. David could not have penned the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, nor the "Songs of Degrees." Jeremiah could not have anticipated the Annunciation. Unity throout, but of will, not wisdom. These holy men spake as they were moved. The dates are not on the writings, but in them, God having ever provided "some better things." Even Paul saw "in part." He did not dream of the modern geography and of modern missions. He was not shown the territorial reach, the new politics of all these centuries, just as we now do not guess the new society that Christ has in mind, nor the slow and stormy times thro which it shall be brought in. But He who wove the facts here set down, and who has overcome thus far, is the same forever in saying: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

Level to the topmost comprehension of each time, meeting each occasion, always opportune, weaving no anti-climax, always with both dramatic unity and dramatic movement, the providential truth is given, link by link, and the Word, mortising each stone into the arch, perfects the whole by

that which every part supplieth. The symmetry is vital, not mechanical. With the divine oversight and control there is no variableness. The embryo and the birth alike are His.

Things that were inscrutable to the first disciples are taught in our infant classes. Christ trusted them with ideas as fast as He could, and as it was, they were in constant amazement. He was wont to say, "If ye can hear it," — "He that hath ears." How fast events moved from that Passover to the Pentecost. What pregnant suspense and with what unimagined issues!

After that cloud-burst of grace and on thro that generation there runs a steady crescendo of spiritual comprehension, the words being confirmed in signs following. Inspiration accommodates itself to the soul as incarnation accommodated itself. Each is full, neither is final. Nothing is final with God nor with His Christ. Still He says: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

For preparation is always more than prediction. The training of the Twelve was a *facsimile*, in the small, of the training of the Church, still uncompleted.

What silly questions they asked, what absurd requests they made, and with what wisdom they were postponed. The process is so natural that we do not realize what a distance they had traveled between the fifth chapter of Matthew and the fifteenth chapter of the Acts. How the spiritual landscape has widened before them! Their minds are clearing, they become positive, convincing, their words seize men for God.

The fifth book of the New Testament is a key and a bond. What was reserved because before premature is now an open secret. The epistles became both grand explanations and tremendous prophecies. They reach back of Genesis and beyond the Apocalypse. We see the fishermen become giants and the purblind Pharisee of Tarsus opens his eyes upon the vistas of eternity. The "progress of doctrine" in the New

Testament is a symbol of its progress in the comprehensions of men. Slowly men learn Christ, blinking as those unclosseted at noon. Fallow ages wait upon mortal dullness, so patient is our God.

The seed grows, but it grows secretly, and culminations are delayed until the world can bear them. God is always ahead of the times. The men who strive to be abreast of the colors are they who lead their generations. Who of you will march there?

The evangelists were not stenographers. They gave but a sketch of our Lord's deeds and words. They did not minister even to a reverent curiosity. The Gospel will have news for us in the life to come. Eighteen years of Christ's life is condensed into three or four sentences.

And not even yet have we wrought His precepts to a tithe of their logical conclusions. Still unguessed corollaries of thought and duty lie in this treasure which our shafts have so scantily mined. Which of us can imagine that he has sighted the circumference of the Lord's prayer? Thank God if we have learned its centre!

It is the attainment of each period that makes possible its successor. None is independent, none is final, and God alone is infallible. He who has guided, still guides. His truth is perennial and becomes concrete in each generation. The idolatry of any one cycle, equally with the neglect of any, is disloyalty to the presidency of the Holy Ghost. As long as man listens, God speaks. He has yet many things to say, in English, that we could not bear now. Therefore, our transcript of God's meaning, the statement of our apprehensions of it, must ever widen. We must take observation each noon. One Sun, but many seas, many shores. Providence is a biological science. Moral history is a growing volume. All is concentric, nay, Christocentric; but about that centre each lengthening century describes an ampler circle. Every life works with the equation of the spiral. God's consummations are as gradual as they are resistless.

Reserves and remainders await our strength. Timely reticence subtends amazing yet all-consistent movement among Earth's peoples. We can no more set the clock of Christendom forward than we can turn it back. The new authority that was to supplant Greece, new ideals, new sciences, new arts — all these (and that not by destruction but by fulfilment) were capsulate in the Gospel. Again and again man has sung, and truly,

> "We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

but the silent sea becomes a thorofare, the wilderness a garden, the lone hill an observatory.

We would be nonplussed and stunned were the vision opened to us too soon of what the world and man will be like when the unfathomable petition is answered: "Thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven."

The latest edition is never the last. Each new evolution of manifolded wisdom is "revised and enlarged." Veil after veil is rent in twain, and still there are unexplored remainders whose reservation is alluring. The Sun of righteousness is not burnt out, and the harvests of today are the seed of tomorrow. We have yet more to learn. As beginners, we are prone to overrate our powers. We say, as Peter once said it, "Why cannot we follow Thee now?" We forget the commentary of experience. We would force the mystery and discount God!

In our grasp of Christ's meaning for ourselves and for mankind there must be a constant revision and recombination, along with a hearty appreciation of all new light. The terms of physical science discredit today what once were its undisputed formulas. In two generations it will, no doubt, retire some of its present theories as now it abandons "epicycles" and "phlogiston."

But the bigger knowledge can never make the idea of God smaller. The Word will still fill the world. With whatever

light is reflected in the mirror there will evermore shine there one face! The potencies of splendid and unimagined days are in that "Arch-chemic Sun." "We have seen but a part of His ways." The evangel that makes creature at one with his Creator is a spectroscope, revealing the elemental unity of all moral worlds, and for this world it will be found not only to meet, but also be found to have made each new time. Its applications to life exceed all that we have imagined. "Suffer it to be so now" silences many of our shallow objections. "The half is not told us." The interstitial stars in Christ's sight gleam already. What could Galileo have done with the Yerkes glass? But what will that be when the suggestion of the eye of the fly is fully wrought out and compound lenses gather at one point a cone of rays whose base diameter is forty feet, not four?

We are still in the rudiments and see with kitten-sight! And if our grasp of matter is still so primitive, need we wonder that in the realm of purpose God still garments Himself with unapproachable light? He tempers His wonders while He trains man up toward them, and amid all Apocalypse "seals up the things which seven thunders utter." In this open Bible there is that written of which

> "Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
> Nor God the reason gives."

Much is withheld against that day whereof the Master of all hearts declared, "Ye shall ask Me no question." He knows that the suspension of much of our curiosity in no wise interferes with present obedience, and checks many an impertinence of over-importunity with that recorded irony, "Your time is always ready!"

When "difficulties vainly curious and doubts impossible to be solved" excite us, we may well recite that touching prayer of burly Sam Johnson, "against inquisitive and perplexing thoughts." It is a wise prayer for the wisest man, and to the wisest, easiest. In every loving ear there sounds

a constant whisper: "I have yet many things to say unto you." If this great idea of gracious postponement has at all fastened your attention, you have seen how it clarifies both Scripture and life, and how it answers both fear and hope. It affirms the continuity of Christ. It vitalizes all present attainments. It shows how each broader and deeper day "hath new needs and new helps for these."

It articulates all tenses and binds together the physical unity of all worlds as a scene for the dramatic unity of all events. It makes time only a mode of thought, and life omnipresent. Crisis may introduce crisis, but omniscience includes all issues. Queries to be solved, doubts to be resolved, duties to be done, trials to be borne — the Word is nigh. We have read the Pilgrim's Progress as boys; we shall understand it as men. The skies will deepen.

"What first we guessed as points, I now know stars." You will arrive where you could no more return to your old measures than the New York Central Railway could put its business back upon a single track system!

You may blanch when Christ puts into your hand that cup whereof you now think to say, "We are able to drink it"; but you will not blench if you have learned that He never asks of you more than you can bear. We have been enabled to meet many things that seemed impossible; we shall be again. Power shall rest upon us and He shall "deliver our souls in peace from the battle that is against us."

> "My God, I would not long to see
> My fate with curious eyes."

We want no palmistry save that of His wounded hand. It is not the time table, but the engineer, that brings the train thro. Devotion does not demand demonstration. One can be a filial son yet not have read his father's will.

I have thus far elaborated an idea that, rightly held, commands both modesty and hope, and in them each, determined courage. Diffidence toward our own knowledge as

final and confidence in God's wisdom as infallible, is that which sets forward the world and our own souls. This spirit of outlook surpasses every yesterday and lives under a perpetual dawn. The unhasting, unresting, evolution of God's plan is "the master light of all our seeing." It is more penetrative than any cathode ray. It saves us from indifference and from irresolution. It applies old truth to the new time, and with perennial revelation declares the world to be a divine laboratory. The book written and history yet writing, — the busy Spirit is alive in both. Withheld completions, reserved revelations, suspended harmonies — these make life more than logic, and prove Christ the dateless Son of God. We are all the pupils of an inexhaustible Teacher, finding

> " * * progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
> Not God's, and not the beasts'; God is, they are,
> Man partly is and partly hopes to be."

The times and seasons of human affairs find here their interpretation and forecast. Races and empires and authorities and constitutions and suffrages write large the text with which we have dealt. The Church, the State, custom and statute, all that the society of man means and can mean, are to demonstrate that Christ has "yet many things to say." The signs of the times are a holy horoscope. Awakened Japan; crude China; semi-barbaric Russia; hectic France; imperious Germany; the two Englands — one the England of Wyckliffe and Milton and Browning, the other the England of miserly diplomacy whose robes are now splotched with the wet blood of Armenia; two Americas — the one leal to her high opportunity, the other mad for money and thinking to tamper with the very standards of honesty — all this collision of local advantage and of universal truth; Christ sits serene above the floods, and by all changes and crises, collisions, catastrophes, utters His decree and brings in His kingdom. Fight under that flag, ye who are men! New courage shall discover a new world.

This law of graded advance may well guide us in our consideration of that which we await for the College of our love. The constant uses and survives the transient. Whatever has been good and is better, implies, begins, and assures the best that is to be. Forms pass, but life indefeasible and crescent, weaves its changing robe, transcending and surviving earlier measures. 1793 was our day of small things, as all seminal days are outwardly small. They called the rude frame building, for six years uncompleted, "Kirkland's folly"; but our seer Samuel was a true futurist and builded more than he foresaw or could foretell. His bones lie yonder in goodly and growing company, but the school is the spiritual body wherein "he being dead, yet speaketh." The little house there is a parable. That patriotic, reverent and confident beginning lived. Because it lived it increased. It shall live, and live there, drawing ever upon the elastic and unwasting forces which speak alike in science and in psalm. There reason and reverence shall go hand in hand. There, long after our forms are dust, shall the kindly mother sit in her bowered door and in her plain, unwavering loveliness smile upon her children, rocking her dear, old-fashioned cradle and holding tender converse with her returning family. With beautiful, undimming eyes she shall survey the calm valley, with its scenes that change with every upward step, and that are never two days the same; she shall muse upon the grey and violet hills, upon all the fugitive beauties of the world and the shimmering skies beyond them, until Earth's last sunset shall enfold her, and eternity's first morning, with all its tremulous mystery of light, shall kiss her tranquil and triumphant brow. Thro an adolescence not without the ills of infancy, the Academy grew up to the estate of the College, merging its name in that of its earlier lover. But the hard-won charter of 1812 was a permission rather than a pledge, a fond hope rather than an assurance. The graduates of 1814 could now barely enter Sophomore, and that under conditions.

Along a devious channel, with many rifts and eddies and shifting snags, the current has flowed, but wider, deeper, past these years four-score and four. Many benevolent tributaries and many unseen springs of prayer and sacrifice have fed its increase, until now by its banks are stately trees, whose roots its waters have sustained and whose interlaced shadows waver upon its placid breadth.

Hamilton is not a gourd of yesterday, but a goodly vine with fruitful boughs, and long tomorrows are to come. Sons and grandsons and godsons are hers, and she is theirs to love and to cherish. I speak to a throng of them today, and I set home to them all the word of the providential and perpetual Christ, "I have yet many things to say unto you!" I speak out boldly, as I ought to, to new friends and old, and urge them to look upon this stubborn and stalwart work of ours and to ask themselves where they can more wisely bestow their substance, or in better hope of its persistent benefit to the generations to be? Who will come to the kingdom for such a time as this and join their names in immortal usefulness with those of Hamilton and Kirkland?

Men of the Class of '96:

Up, all of you! Not for today only, but for tomorrow and the days after. "Is not the Lord gone out before you?" Hear Christ! Hear all He yet will say to you. The word is nigh you. Obtuse to temptation and obstinately dutiful, stand away from those who prefer to get thro life by the dishonor system! Renounce, denounce, the worships of Gain. Stand out from among the breed of idlers and snobs. Accept the ordination of duty.

This impetuous and momentous time calls for resolute and muscled character, brains unillusioned by partial ideas, souls so sympathetic with globed and celestial truth as to be superior to segmental and terrestial half-truths. Remember every pathway and door, every leafy aisle of quiet and each dreaming vista of that good place up yonder, and carry

a country heart into the whirl of crowds and the tumult of cities. Be critics always and cynics never. Whatever may go wrong, do you go right, and so the mildew of pessimism, the canker of envy, and the dry-rot of selfishness shall not come near your souls. Have such an idealism as thrilled in those lines of Holmes that preserved the good ship Constitution — a sense of the past, of "our father's God," and of His continuity, and His hand shall pilot you safe home to port. Be learners to the last, for

> "Since all things suffer change save God the Truth,
> Man apprehends Him newly at each stage.
> Whereat Earth's ladder drops, its service done,
> And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved."

It is this that shall round the age of science into the age of song.

Fare you all well! My own good-by to you is one with no unpleasant recollections and with many bright ones. I have seen you grow. Grow on, and in the day of the goal and the garland, when the pearly citadels of Heaven peal out their welcome to all faithful disciples, may each of us be there to hear, amid all lesser salutations, this: "I have yet many things to say unto you!"

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 20, 1897

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly. John 10:10

It is the privilege which my office confers to give to each class, upon the threshold of its exit from this College, a last word of instruction, and to make to them a final appeal in the name of God. For the fifth time I attempt this duty. It is altogether fitting that a college course which seeks to bind and crown all its methods with the science of obligation, and which has ever recognized the hallowing motives of a supreme allegiance, which has continually blended devotion with inculcation, which does not admit the arbitrary division between the secular and the sacred, which teaches that all the utilities of knowledge find their full significance only in the rational and reverent acceptance of "man's chief end,"— that such a college course should culminate in a devout meditation and in psalms of dedication and hope.

The Shepherd of all men declares in this our text that His mission is *to confer the abundant life.* And I make it my present errand to point you toward such a life and to its standards and guarantees. Life is the thing — boundless as its Lord and Giver — satisfying, infrustrable, immortal.

There are never lacking cynical and satirical lips to sneer at the enthusiasm and eager confidence of graduating men; but the pathetic courage and the ardent assurance of youth is given continually to replace the nullity and numbness of those whose own inferior accomplishment seduces them to question the cause and abandon the fight. Mine be the task rather to challenge the utmost resolution of youth, and to summon its energy, undaunted by other failures and desertions, to tie sword to wrist, enlisted for all the battle and for the whole war. Self and failure menace you, but "the law of the spirit of Life in Jesus Christ" shall make you free and conquering.

Modern laboratories have rendered us familiar with the word Biology. It includes so much, that in the interests of exactness its teachers are already insisting upon replacing the term by its subdivisions. It has been used as a title for the science of all the forms of all life; but that is Morphology. Histology, Anatomy, Physiology are included under it.

Biology is, accurately, the Science of Life. Thus it is the widest possible term for all vital fact, and it includes even Theology. For God is Life. Gathering its subject-matter all the way from Botany to Ethics, Biology comprehends far more than the realm of appearance. It must take in Sociology, as that takes in the relations not of men only, but of all intelligent beings. Surely, if technical, this is not obscure, and it affirms that life comprises all the relations of animate creatures, and their joint relation to the Creator. Here at last is the ultimate unity.

Relation is not optional, but inevitable. It is not accidental, it is articulated — an organism. Its implications are commands. Therefore no arbitrarily partial relation, nor any partiality toward a few of its features, can touch the ends of being. Christ came to teach Biology — in its broadest sense, that ! He made it in His own person an inductive science! He revealed its innermost secret and its outmost abundance.

He renounced the anti-social spirit of self, and giving His life a ransom of others, nailed to His cross the ordinances of caste and clan. I do not shrink from saying that those two cardinal maxims of Louis Blanc are just: "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his need," and, "The more a man can, the more he ought." I say that these are just; for closely they paraphrase the word of the Son of Man: "He that is chief among you, let him be the servant of all." All the walls of artificial demarcation and social cruelty preach that with a strident voice. Flatly the original Gospel joins issue with that fictitious and fastidious self-importance which praises ability at the expense of ser-

viceability, and suffers patronizing to supplant sympathy. The word Socialism need not scare us. Some kind we must have, God's kind, or Satan's.

To gush and sentimentalize and dabble with human problems as a pretty fad and incidental diversion can never help the struggling world. The squadrons of power that shall ride gloriously to "let in the law" are not mounted upon hobby-horses. The "sons and daughters that prophesy" are not such as revel in merely theatrical statistics and sigh over sorrows they never touched with a little finger: but are such as are in earnest to get something done, even if they have to do it themselves.

The school girl at Niagara exclaimed, "Isn't it cunning!" Yes, it is cunning — don't fall in!

Bishop Westcott somewhere writes: "Little thoughts do not fit little duties. In the fulfillment of simple routine we need, more than anywhere else, the quickening influence of the highest motive."

The largest possible life must have the truest possible centre, and must live from that in its detail. A large life is expensive. It costs life — that, and no less. He who speaks to us knew that, and paid the price.

"All the words of life" are in Him, and His ideas go to the bottom of every social and personal question, with its exactions and its rewards. The Christianity of Christ, urging that life is more than its raiment, not resting upon a consensus of scholars but upon the obedience of disciples, cares nothing for conventional adulterations, and demands that the interior thought shall be incarnated in the exterior conduct. He showed a principle that worked, Who offers us His own life only upon His own terms. One cannot spring an arch from a single pier, and Christ cares naught for the accurate theory that does not bend over to the solid expression of deed.

The abundant life has many outlets, but one source, as its chemic, caloric, actinic rays proceed from the one Sun.

Each whole life is a revised version of the Gospel. Great expression waits upon great purpose. The Father does not cast us off because we let go the best He could help us to: but he helps us to the next best, even down to the smallest. What is to hinder any one of you from being truly great? Nothing but your own refusal!

The Master of history being in evidence, life is abundant in its declining to put up with any second-rate. Saving may be a virtue or a vice.

Refusal to waste upon what is unworthy implies ability to give all for the pearl of price. Spend life we must, as we go; the crucial question is — What for? It is like the manna. We may leave it — wasted. Use it — to live more. Keep it — to rot. Today's usufruct of power withers if we attempt to hold it for tomorrow. We may squander, or use, today: we cannot save it over.

You have a personal capital, to turn over with interest or to hide in a hole. What a man spends he has, what he keeps spends him. Life, like money, is not a value except as it is a medium of exchange. It is a measure of value. As he hits the happy mean between a money-lover and a money-waster who knows what a dollar is worth and what it is not worth, so your supreme question is: "What shall I spend life for, to make it get the most?"

Save yourself for yourself, you lose yourself! Spend yourself with Christ and you gain His life, and with it yours. This is the vital paradox. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." Natural law answers spiritual. Life is reproduced by transmutation. It is not a form, it is a self-conscious motion thro form. The abundant life is that which most submits to the law of giving. We only have what we bestow. Selfishness then is suicide. He lives largest who confers most. Living is loving, and "love seeketh not her own." He who saves others, himself does not save. Only that which a man does not save saves him. He revealed that, Who "by death destroyed the

power of death!" An eye rolled inward loses the light and sees nothing. Self because so small a goal is futile and fatal. It is "by its means defeated of its ends." Atrophy! "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It is not how much, but whereunto!

Receive a great and heavenly vision of the law of nobility as the Supreme Man showed it, and you will see that the abundant life has a motive that will hold taut as a cable in a storm, and that sounds like a harp. This high thrift does not heed the code of usage which asks what it must *not* do and what it must give up—that is picayune and sordid: but rather it turns from negative virtues to positive, ejects the lower conception, and from the tyranny of *verboten* turns to the freedom of great permissions—"against which there is no law."

This is the assertion of the true, the only, the boundless manhood. The young man who "went away" was he who refused this abundance. He dared not take the best.

But there was one who dared, who at the parting of the ways said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and then did what was showed him to the last! It was he who learned to write, "all things are yours." He accepted the whole life. Not lazy, apologetic, tentative, procrastinating, he lived constructively and found "all the fulness of God." He found a life worth living. No carpet-knight this Paul! Within prison walls he could testify, "I have all, and abound!" This "little gleam of time between two eternities" furnished him a commanding outlook. "Things present and things to come" stood in complete relation to his total allegiance.

His transcendant faith knew none of the whimperings and sarcasms which reveal the abject disappointment of low motives.

Circe has potions for all who will take them—swineherdess that she is! Stop your ears and sail by!

All that is noblest is within reach of him who wills it.

"Man is one world, and hath another to attend him"—

Angels minister to one whose masterful determination refuses the beguilement of secondary things.

He lives most, not who lives longest, but who lives deepest, broadest, hardest — who increases his resultant sum by shortening each process. Time is a different thing to each man; for to each it is measured by what he makes it contain. Ten years of one man's time may equal thirty of another's. Stephen lived more than Methuselah!

To open your being to the big thoughts, to the wide sympathies, to the determinative, aggressive and dominant activities — that is to "abound exceedingly." Who measures the life of Lincoln by its mere years?

Live your own lives; borrow no leave to be; dare the heights of duty. It is a tremulous and tremendous time in which your days are cast. It needs leaders and will scorn laggards. Church and State, the whole complex of society cries out, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" Only the most obdurate goodness can handle the tools of manhood. Humanity comes to its noon. It is nothing to meet the mob of opinions with blank cartridges when the very standards of personal truth are roughly assaulted. We inherit and we must match the inkstand of Luther, the telescope of Galileo, Latimer's candle, Beza's anvil, the axe of John the Baptist, the pen of Lincoln. You are summoned to be so much what you may be, that a good politician can no longer be described as "a man that will stay bought," that law shall become less "the science of evading justice," that religion shall seem less "a straddling of two worlds!" A business man and dear friend of mine wrote me a few days since: "Ability is plenty and smartness overabundant: but blank, square honesty is, oh, how scarce." Honest with yourselves, your fellow men, your God, may you make it less scarce.

Men of the Class of '97:

Toil the toils of men until your days are done! Give

your very best and every best to the tasks to which you go. Run with the pacemakers and help to break the records.

Never forget the dreams and aspirations of the youthful days when you were college boys becoming God's men. Never forget that old campus, veiled in the meshes of May moonlight or scarfed in the soft draperies of the Indian summer. Cry still the cry of the winter sledway — "Road! Road!" Men will ever give the path to momentum. Crowds gather at the exhibitions of that wonderful modern invention, the biograph, because all sense of motion is exhilarating. Be real, and beyond all simulation you shall attract men by a better impulse than curiosity. In life as in parliamentary law, to do anything some one must make a motion. If you are to carry anything in this world's quorum you must get the floor. As time slips in small change from your purses, cherish with gratitude the memory of these crystal days, and when your war is fully on recall each item of tactics and equipment here taught and taken. Your record is one of honor, of faithful, scholarly toil, of order and loyalty. We who stay on will drink your health at the old well, and name with pride a class whose life was not measured by quantity but by quality. I saw you enter, I shout you Godspeed as you depart. You came to us when much was but an eager hope that now merges toward assurance. From all your future stations send us back your greetings — nay, bring them, often. Faces will change — your comrades and more slowly your instructors — but surely all of them will pass. Hamilton will always be your own — "to have and to hold, to love and to cherish." Wear with honor those historic colors which Kirkland wore at Fort Stanwix while over Oneida's virgin fortress waved the first stars and stripes. By and by, oh that it might be mine once more to call your roll and no man absent, having passed between the piers of the rainbow and obtaining all of us "an abundant entrance into the eternal kingdom." Good-by! Nay,— *Au revoir!*

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 26, 1898

We know that to them that love God all things work together for good.
Romans 8:28.

AGAIN the summer and the final days of the college life of a class. Once more the greetings and the good-bys. Swift hours — romantic and pathetic, sweet and sad. A happy dream, "which is not all a dream," is for you to whom this occasion chiefly belongs, well-nigh spent.

"Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it it never comes again."

Now we clear a little space where yesterday salutes to-morrow. After our good old custom we make one more Sunday hour, and in it may your hearts preach to you in better than my words. My part is but a prompter's part. Listen to your own searching thoughts and grasp that warm, invisible hand which is not far from every one of you.

Simple and vast, our text, with its dozen monosyllables, twists together innumerable strands of suggestions and tethers us to all that is brave and enduring. It has many implications. Fixed in the web of its great chapter it traces the inseparability of God's children from God's love, and introduces that climax in which, challenging peril and pain, time and eternity, death and demons, faith soars from the depths of weakness to the bosom of God. It leaps into the invincible sureties of that covenant whose chain of salvation binds loyalty with eternity. Purpose and power have forged it, and there is no link missing. Plan, pledge, providence, make inviolable sequence from the dateless foreknowledge to

the utmost glory. "If God be for us, who can be against us!"

Or, verbally, and apart from the woven argument, here is the dignity and universality of the law of labor. In a system where "all things work," the idler, whatsoever else he be, is the moral pauper!

Or, higher yet, it declares the harmonious energy, the common consent, of all that is and moves under the jurisdiction of the Maker. Force answers mind. Wise ends wait upon all evolution. Change knows no chance. In the whirl of the Earth upon its soft spindles, all object is obedient. In "the ordered music of the marching orbs" there is no schism. The beauty and the blessing of conformity to supreme law is written upon atom and star. Only in a seceded will is there dissonance and pain. But, not tarrying, tho touching these wealths of duty and power, the text widens its wings for a realm where parable and enigma are translated into open vision. It is not a theorem but an axiom. It turns the light of intuition upon all else. Query and vicissitude melt into recognition. *We know!*

I single this aphorism, this total truth, and holding it up in its purity and fullness, luminous and lovely, I bid you see how far and revealingly it shines. This it declares — that all blessing lies in that relation to God which we call love. Intuition does not measure itself by the three steps of logic. It flies. It is super-rational. The conviction that God is trustworthy, that life, as Hugo says, "is not a *cul-de-sac*, but an avenue," that the soul is not a conundrum, but an answer, that law is not fickle nor expectancy vain, this surrounds and sustains the sciences which compass *things* with that nearer phenomenon of the heart which we call religion. The only working theory either of physics or of prayer is that which postulates a love which cannot lie. The moral fidelity of God fits all these curious and intricate locks of object and event, and cannot be accidental. Fitness is parcel to purpose. Type tossed into the air do not fall into a book — not into a primer, far less into an *organum*. The

facts that so "work together" reveal an omniscient and all-controlling Mind. Consequence is consent. Only perversity refuses the certainty that an intelligent heart rules the world. This clue alone fits all these multiplex wards. The rule that solves ten thousand problems proves and counter-proves its trustworthiness by the answers. The integrity of God is a solvent, where all else blunders and fails. It is centripetal thro all abysses and meets wonder with a wisdom "forever telling, yet untold!"

It is our birthright to read moral issues into all that now seems precarious and postponing. We are made to expect a crisis and culmination — a "far-off, divine event" toward which, with its distribution and its retribution, "the whole creation moves." The groaning and travailing prophesies a "song of deliverance," else were goodness a myth and reason forsworn. This is the base-line of moral certainty by which we measure, past the furrows of darkness, to the coasts and crests of light. This is the seership that warrants the apostle. If God loves and lives, if man loves, it must be! Between these two pencils, brought point to point, leaps the convincing light. It is the shechinah. In the glowing consent of fact to purpose He is announced whose "life is the light of men." Each ray shows a path of the shortest distance, and the first beam of His dawn in the soul is a herald of the million-arrowed noon. That little child whom Christ ever sets in the midst of our arguments has learned nothing of the physics or the chemistry of light: but, with no theory of the eye, sees, and knows that he sees. Why should we quibble over the perceptions of our souls, or tamper with the great verity they corroborate? Let the rapturous overtones flood the inmost soul — their music is their truth!

Impiety may scout subjective evidence and resent the love it resists: but let us rather refuse the insanity of faithlessness, which leaps the orbit where loving obedience answers loving law, and let us bow down,—

" Like lily flower, that to and fro
Is tossed upon the waters wide,
Uncaring for the changeful tide ;
Its root is firm below."

That Living One Who from the black ooze evokes the lily, will gauge the frail stem of circumstance that, unhurt, all white and fragrant hearts may float just atop.

So fuelled with human experience, but lit with sacred fire, our text blazes in the apostle's hand like a beacon cresset. His splendid soul is in its flame !

"To them that love God all things work together for good." No heart-deep cry for deliverance from evil will be unanswered. In His own time, but surely at the last, God will " do good to them that be good."

This pledge of ultimate succor sets out the conditions and the methods of the supreme blessing. Question of all questions — Do you love God ? Not, do you admire, respect, study: but, do you love ? Opinion and action are not final. Unless you love Him He could not bless you. The very law of love excludes the unloving ! Not to love is the " law of sin and death." You baffle yourself, and all sweet bells are "jangled, out of tune and harsh." Harmony is the base of music, and music, too, is at last love's parable. The infinite Yes stands over against the " everlasting No."

Now, for comparison, put in turn, by our text, two other views of the meaning of human life — philosophies which, while polar opposites, exclude, each of them, the spirit's true relation to God. Contradictions they are of each other, but contradiction each is, of free choice and of accountability, with all the gravity and grandeur of these.

Optimism — Pessimism. These tri-syllables, now so much popularized and even devitalized, are school-terms for theories which in literature are as old as the book of Job, and which in life are answered by a thousand adages.

Optimism declares that all is for the best. Taken righteously, it is a majestic truth. But crude optimism alleges

that "all is for the best" for everyone, and irrespective of the individual right or wrong! — that all currents set to the Hesperides. In the realms of a holy God this raw opiate is a most stupendous and stupid vagary. Betterment there can not be unless good is the standard: but goodness and goods are not to be confused. Things, apart from the direction of a heart-discriminating God, are but a basket of serpents twisting and sliddering upon themselves!

Plain men use few elaborate or analytical terms: but all men think much alike, and in colloquial speach optimism says, "Everything will come out all right." It is a specious *laissez-faire* notion. Right will be the victor: but only the righteous will share its victory. Having well dined, it is easy to wash one's hands "in imperceptible water," and to set forth this bland self-leniency: but it is as cruel to human misery as it is untrue to God's words, and the wounds of life requite it as an irony with quick, bleeding protests. That men may drift up the torrent! — that the sharp thorns of disobedience shall somehow bear the vintage of the King! — that, all of themselves, these cursed conditions shall become paradise! — that the abnormal is to glide into order, and that sowing to the flesh is to reap the fruits of the Spirit! It proposes alchemy, and is a credulity without instance or guarantee. No! "The very good figs and the very bad figs" are separated. Like yields like. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap!"

Apart from the intervention of God in Christ, human affairs are as dry of consolation as the breasts of the Sphinx. The plaint is everywhere: "I am pained so that I can not hear. I am dismayed so that I can not see. My heart panteth. Horror hath affrighted me. The twilight that I desired hath been turned into trembling."

If from things only, without moral force or fulcrum, we have hope, we are of all men most miserable! No misanthropy could devise worse than to feed the heart with such ashes. "A lie in its right hand," the sleek complacency of

optimism ill suits this woful world, with its delusion that the crackling wreck will mend itself! Between font and funeral there comes too much that tasks and tortures the soul of man for him to fall in with this irony. Love, as it cries over the cradle or the coffin, asks something more than an epicurean formula. Hunger can not eat a bill of fare. The soul wants better than laudanum. Prayer (and all men sometimes pray,) petitions an intervention which this clumsy optimism disdains. Progress in knowledge alone is but more light upon the interior of a crypt. An errant race has no "upward trend" save when the superhuman Gospel heals its ways. The progress of man, all by himself, is quicksand progress — each struggle a worse entanglement. Nothing gravitates up! Detachment from God is at cross-purposes with all things. It is under centrifugal law. This spurious and hypnotizing theory, ignoring the nature of sin, bites off the immutable conditions of redemption and offers no evidence for its astounding *carte blanche*. Misery knows that if mere force is installed in place of divine love and intervention, there is left only a universe of grinding cog-wheels and groaning victims: for sin has fallen afoul of law, and broken law crushes. Put a merely philosophical optimism upon the rack of fact, and she must recant her perjury with gnashing teeth! O soul — wait thou upon only God; for thine expectation is from Him!

Give the floor to pessimism. It holds this world to be superlatively evil, the worst world possible, without hope and without God. Put to its ultimatum, it proclaims life to be the supreme disaster and the dream of betterment or of salvation to be its chief curse. Professing to perceive man an orphan by birth, it reviles blessedness as an ideal that can only intensify despair. Malevolence is supreme, but impersonal, and therefore inaccessible even to blasphemy. Its present is but an artistic hell, horizoned with cast iron, beauty but the grimace of an elaborate scheme of torture, music a refined cruelty, love hypocrisy, and all its men and

women either fiends or fools. "Who will show us any good!" This terrific interpretation is not always carried to its conclusions; but it is not scarce. Shakespere translated it thro Hamlet:

> "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world."

And thro Macbeth:

> "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more. It is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

But mark that these are the cries on the one hand of a querulous reason, on the other of a murderous will.

Tragedy is truer to appearance than comedy, and to say No hope, is more intelligible than to say, No fear! But while pessimism tears away the tissue garlands of optimism, it too is both superficial and arbitrary. It extinguishes "the candle of the Lord" and then glares into the surrounding dark. Its angry and acrid pride denies Love's answer, and then, self-thwarted, it snarls that all things work together for evil! It is the morbid and unmanly covert of an unsubmissive will, and tantalized by its own froward choice its melancholy is its accusation. The curious affinity of these two opposite theories appears in the readiness with which epicureanism embraces cynicism, and credulity reacts into abject hate. Incorrigible self-seeking — "by its means defeated of its ends" — turns finally to sneering suicide! If there is no loving and lifting God, then Swift and Byron and Schopenhauer and Haeckel are sufficient, and then the paganism of the later Locksley Hall may well usher in the era of lawlessness with pandemoniac yells, while all the civilization the affirmation of Christ has wrought expires in convulsions whose dust darkens the Sun with sackcloth! An optimism that forgets God leads into the hand of pessimism,

and both reject the planetary orbit for the cometary — "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

But for us who believe in a holy God, neither the pantheistic sadness of Buddha nor the unethical audacity of Mohammed. Our text for a lamp, we may be aware of the anarchy of self, poppied or thorn-set, base and brutal in either issue. Love is the third alternative. Its denial is the strong delusion. Our spirits, made to find mere sense so disappointing, are the pledge of some better things.

The very shadows of evil witness to the brilliant light. The splendid grief is counterproof that husks and swine are not our proper portion. A world where a cross utters love is not forsaken. The Devil is not God.

Letting circumstance exclude attribute, one of these caprices dreams of Utopia and thinks Heaven could be no better; the other stares at pain and thinks Hell could be no worse. But both are partial and fallacious, busy with goods and ignoring good, or busy with evils and forgetting evil. Whether generalizing from a full stomach or from a fierce will, each finds its bane in the idolatry of the present tense. But, neither blinding its eyes nor tearing off its eyelids, the Christian theory of this world spans both the depths and the heights. It sees that both fortune and misfortune are but half-truths. To that bar where conscious responsibility knows that "it can, because it ought," it summons the assumptions of fatalism and the contributory negligence of indifferentism. It meets misery with the dilemma of mercy, and upon the canvas which philosophy has but primed it sets the at once darker and more dazzling revelations of guilt and of grace. Death bluntly interrupts these merely mundane reasonings, whether fanciful or frantic; but in this abrupt world, "over whose acres walked those blessed feet," there is at large a more excellent answer. A song is tuned in the night, and our text, at once pledge and plea, flows into that matchless apostrophe,— "neither death nor life, nor things

present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ!"

Christian truth admits the worst and offers the best, and discriminating between penitence and chagrin, as also between temerity and peace, it reconciles sorrow and aspiration by the cross. There is a great Deliverer, Who consents neither to credulity nor to incredulity, neither to presumption nor to despair.

Pessimists only as to intrinsic evil, optimists only as to spiritual good, we face the wo which this Epistle to the Romans considers at its outset, so as to come to the sufficiency of that faith which in its eighth chapter bursts every barrier of space and time: "God hath included all under sin, that He might have mercy upon all.

Sciences, arts, letters, laws, discoveries, conquests, battles, treaties, have not removed the curse of human sin nor its attendant pains. They have but patched the old garment. All politico-social devices are but temporary expedients, and in so far as they filch the conclusions of Christianity, to the neglect of its premises, they but wash the old wallow and gilt the dry-rot.

Truth and falsehood are compacting, each after its own kind. The momentum of the beautiful and the base steadily increases. Each has its own axis of crystallization. The tares and the wheat grow to the harvest. The turbid world clears at the top, while at the bottom the sediment gathers thicker. Supernal and infernal forces more thoroly understand their antagonisms and compact their arrays. "The morning cometh and also the night."

The augmenting scrolls of history are written in moral characters, and our text's truth is the key to all their cipher. Two sets of interpretation there are; for there are two classes of interpreters: but true love is certified that nothing can be permanently good for the evil, nor evil for the good. No perverse subterfuge, nor fear at this present complexity can delay the "Anathema" or the "Maranatha." These stand

over against one another in "the King's writing, which no man can reverse."

It is cowardly to refuse the costs and the conquests of personal fidelity. The cross of the divine Victor is atop of this grieving world. The great Samaritan is on his journeying. Of the Slough of Despond Bunyan wrote: "Even thro the very midst there are certain good substantial steps." To the loving, "love never faileth." Its warm current thro the commotions of time can no more be denied its way than storms can displace the gulf stream!

Neither petulance then, nor flatulence. Christ can quell the ravings of insane wills as once He exorcised the maniac of Gadara and seated him at His feet!

If your faith is in God's comprehension of you, not in yours of Him, you can surmount all menace and survive all alarm. Let things flow or ebb, the chain will hold to the anchor. The promises will not ravel. Sombre hours, like some birds of dingiest plumage, will burst into the brightest carol. The harvests need the night as well as the day to ripen them. It takes the whole quartet of the seasons to utter the fugal year.

There is a certain half-pessimist (of whom Mrs. Gummidge is a type,) who has all the discomfort of the practice without the dignity of the philosophy. He takes the very trifles that pertain to him with an awful seriousness before which the sweet smile of courage is daunted. He hopes for the worst and enjoys poor health! He always has a sore spot and a grievance, and he leaks with unpleasantness. He sulks by preference and kicks by anarchic instinct. The source of all this biliousness is self-preoccupation. The penalty of having no interests but one's own is moroseness. Play will sometimes lift the mind out of this lugubrious and inhospitable frame. Active love for others always will. If religion is not good to cure this jaundice then it is not good for anything. Honest hope should be a thoro antiseptic. Life,—you shall make it as you take it.

" From the self-same quarter of the sky,
One saw ten thousand angels look and smile,
Another saw as many demons frown."

You may regard the pool of water at your feet as a muddy obstruction, or you may look into it, as into a Claude Lorraine glass, and behold the reflected stars.

" Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appears
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

Look where the light looks and you will see rainbows! A close grip upon our text will carry you thro a myriad incidental dissatisfactions. Not too sanguine or too anxious, neither idle nor nervous, but always modestly brave, you shall find that (even when tempted to say, with Jacob, "All these things are against me,") the very thorns weave into a crown, and that the pillow of stones is the foot of a ladder!

"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." God has you upon his lathe to make something of you. If you meet His love with your own, He covenants for you with the beasts of the field; the stones shall be in league with you; all laws shall further you; the stars shall fight for you; for He Who "telleth the number of the stars" is He Who "healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds."

You cannot look behind, nor about, nor within, nor above, and think that the compensations of the All-true are either unmoral or insecure. This whole world, the instinct of faith, the insight of obedience, all the intimations of immortality, join in this unison: "To them that love God all things work together for good." Love is royal and indomitable. Gideon's fleece and the dream of the tumbling cake of barley-bread have still an oracle.

Consider the parable of that "king of instruments," the organ. Perceive there the common consent of distinct laws, hydraulic, dynamic, acoustic, their co-ordinate functions not confused, but all subordinated to the higher law of music. They all "work together," combining in a unity which is "perfected by that which every joint supplieth."

But here again the whole is greater than the sum of its visible parts. The intent is more than the contents. As mechanism alone, it stands unvocal, dumb. Its adaptation yields no tone. The organ cannot play itself! Its sound-letters may make chords, its chords weave into the syntax of phrases, its periods and rhythms build into poems, lyric, dramatic, epic: but all this in not in the organ, but in the soul of the player. It is but instrumental to him, and no accident can ever waken a symphony from that impersonal metal and silent wood. But all in the twilight you listen while an unseen organist presses the keys and gathers pedals and stops to work his thought. Your heart feels and answers and you know that, invisible to you, one is there whose life, thro a common but ineffable language, reveals yourself and him!

What harmonies the Master of sound and meaning awakens! How all secondary laws contribute to the "hidden soul" of music! It is pathetic, sublime, and thro all the melted approaches, welding the counterpoint and subduing the devious modulations, you catch the immanent theme — broadening, increasing in purpose and depth, waxing to the great burst of trumpets and open diapasons. It is the Messiah! A greater than Handel is here. Wait, heirs of salvation, you shall yet join that "Hallelujah Chorus." In mighty arcs, Eden and Babel and Egypt and Sinai and Canaan and Babylon and Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Calvary and Olivet — and all thro which love has wrought, "shall meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem!"

Men of the Class of '98:

You are about to join that procession of graduates which began here when this old century was young. The honest traditions of this school of men are all yours. You are theirs. All hours have high values that realize the heart. This hour has such values. The year that has seen the old Sixth Massachusetts go thro Baltimore, not as it went that 19th of April, 1861, that has heard the northern hurrah greet the southern yell, with one united purpose for the cause of freedom and under the starlight of the flag of the morning — this is no year for doubtful, but for daring, men. God's truth is always at war with some Spain. Maleficent strategems will, your lives long, summon you to resist and reduce them. I have sought to turn you away from an unscientific and an ungodly despondency, and I am sorry to make an end. I commit you and your ways to Samuel Kirkland's God.

> " I hold
> That it becomes no man to nurse despair:
> But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
> To follow up the worthiest, till he die."

Every one of you, whatever he has misdone so far, stands yet for a splendid possibility. Heed no clabber of words. Stand in with the constructors, not the censors. Instead of pulling back the freight of the years, push it along ! *Gott mit uns !*

> " Brother ! sing a loud psalm;
> Our hope's not forlorn;
> After darkness and twilight breaks forth the new morn !
> Let the mad foe grow madder,
> Never quail ! Up the ladder !
> Grasp the sword of the Lord and forward ! "

You will come back and whisper in her ear, up on yonder hill, the " open sesame " of memory, and the names of those who one by one can come back no more, and then, God grant it to you all, there shall be another class day, in the land where it is always June !

THE STATION OF OBEDIENCE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 25, 1899

Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days. Daniel 7:13.

FOR nearly eighty years Daniel was prime minister of that Chaldean monarchy which in his prophetic vision was the golden head, whereof Babylon, magnificent with the spoils of subjugated peoples, was the surpassing crown. Upon that capital long ago the word of Isaiah was precisely fulfilled: "The golden city has ceased." The "beauty of pride" is overthrown. Over her "perpetual desolations" twenty-five centuries have trailed, and palace and battlement, warrior and sword, wizard and king, crumble in common dust.

Of all that pomp and power, only the name lives now — a seal of the severity of God and a synonym of self-destructive iniquity, a name that is an appropriate epitaph for any city or people that seeks but self. Babylon's very shame is chiefly memorable for her place in Hebrew prophecy and for her association with him who, tho her counsellor, was the liegeman of the one untarnishable crown and of the only sceptre that shall never fall. These twelve chapters are a book of obediences, beginning with the story of those sturdy youths who, far from home, were true to their upbringing and would not defile themselves with the idol-blessed meat and wine.

Of these four, to Daniel God gave especial wisdom, "more than all the magicians and astrologers in the realm." He "found favor and tender love" from the king's steward; but he was a "man greatly beloved" of God. He was the John of the Old Testament and Babylon was his Patmos, where God unrolled for his recording the divine map of time, its rising and sinking empires, His exact advent Who should "take the dominion under the whole heaven" — and the

ages to be, on till "the time of the end." The panorama he could not comprehend, and of his tutor-angel he seeks the issue — "searching what or what manner of time the Spirit did point unto" — the suffering, the glory. But "not unto themselves did they minister these things." Even a Daniel must wait. Philosophical curiosity is not met. As God's scribe he must write and seal the book. The pledged fulfilment is but sketched — Providence must write in the commentary of fact. He, too, saw but "in a mirror, enigmatically." The perspective and vista is clouded even to the prophet. He cannot understand all mysteries. The lantern is not the day. The fidelity is more than prescience. Here, too, all our queries find at once their solace and rebuke. "After long grief and pain" our bewilderment asks: "What shall be the end?" and still the heavenly answer is: "Go thou thy way." So once the disciples — "Tell us when shall these things be?" and so say we, too often, only to hear that wise refusal — "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath hid in His own power."

The impenetrability of the future is of grace. The discount of our bains and successes would foil their disciplines. Amid ten thousand uncertainties of our forecast, our Guardian's voice and presence is better than knowledge.

There is no confusion in His plan, nor delay in His performance. He does not deviate or halt. Every atom and act, every being and event, in that section of eternity which we call time, has its appointed way and lot. Creation was not launched in vain: it is no splintered derelict, adrift upon the waves dappled by a dying moon. All worlds and wills are helio-centric, and what we think inscrutable works out the expected end. Largest or least, everywhere loyal order answers royal mandate. He "metes out the heavens with a span" and guides every fleck of vapor that floats in those depths. The breeze is His barge and the tornados are His chariot. "He sends forth the snow like wool"

and places each hesitating flake. He plants the forests and unrolls their every leaf. He overrules the empires and the transmigrations of men, and the "very hairs of their heads are all numbered." "He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand." The perpetual surfs break upon lonely coasts; but each drop goes its own way, and every grain of the rearranging sands maintains the equilibrium of the great globe.

Enumeration pants before the lavishment and wonder of form and force. Law, infinite and infinitesimal! Change everywhere, nowhere chance! Comparison is swallowed up of awe before Him Who counts the nations as a "drop in the bucket," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

Weights and measures drop from our hands as microscope answers telescope, from either lens deep calling unto deep in an antiphon of worship, while the shechinah glows between inmost and outmost creation. High vision only multiplies the inexhaustible. Stare with forty-inch eye into the stellar abysses, conquer more worlds, till science, forspent, weeps, there every sun and system goes its several way. The boundless void is full with a Presence! The comets that trail their golden fleece thro the sheer depths finity can never dredge, are no runaways! He shepherds those flocks, and hangs the gems, trembling from His touch, as the lamps of His palace. From monad to nebula, no system is too great or satellite too small to be unheeded in the balance of obedience. But the realm of conscious intelligence is higher, deeper. Mind is the occupant. Being is the most amazing. These are the mansions of the Father of Spirit. The archangelic serenity of freedom and peace is there. Into that heaven of obedience where privilege and duty are one, man with his birthright of personality may also come. Of all the circles of life God is the final centre. There is that about this little star that makes it "first in night's diadem." Where love is the warden there can be no collisions. One seraph stands as a page close to the white

throne, one speeds as a messenger to some far world. One sentinels a city, and one carries a beggar to Abraham's bosom. But each, joyful in his assignment, knows that fidelity is glory. Gabriel, if God said so, would count it as worthy to watch the bed of a believing leper as to marshal in burning row the sunny legion of seraphim !

The lesson is as personal to us as it is boundless. It is strong and saline. As among the armies of Heaven, so for every inhabitant of Earth — " Go thy way to the end " is the will of God.

Prophet or child, there is no less nor more. " One after this manner and another after that." Each of you has a path to which your Maker points no other feet. In life, as in an orchestra, " there are many kinds of voices and none of them is without signification." Each task and trial is enough and not more, with grace sufficient and none to spare. The patient teacher does not turn a new leaf until the first is mastered, tho it be dogs-eared and tear-stained.

" My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine—
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear the Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp 'tis short, if long 'tis light;
He tempers all."

Our lot may seem a chance; but its disposing is with Him, and to envy another's opportunity or to criticise our own is to set up that lie of self-autonomy which interprets honor by condition. He who appoints our ways knows our best good, and what seems the barrenest spot in our lives, under the irrigation of tears may bloom with more than May and bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The

alluvial years witness strange issues. God's motherliness does not indulge the whims that endanger character, granting all the candy we cry for, and with medicine that is often bitter to take He cures the aches brought on by our self-indulgences. It is displacement from God's way that makes all the petulant confusion of this strange Earth. In man's caprice alone, amid the full concords of Nature, is struck a tuneless and jarring note. Resenting his environment and inverting his dependency, all his bitter heart-burnings come from his wayward will. The coronation of desire brings in the whole train of distresses. Passion forfeits peace. To "go our ways" reverently and "stand in our lot" weaves all life, and that in silver woof, upon a warp of gold. This is the love that never faileth. It gives initiative and evolves persistency. The full acceptance of God's control makes endurance an active virtue. It is the pull of the wires upon a piano frame, their resistance to high strain, that holds them to their music. Eagerly, wistfully, we seek to surpass our limitations; but God does not disclose the event. Better than that, He secures it. He steers the ship, and it shall clear the foggy channel, for all the reefs. He who sets our tasks will not forget the love that accepted, and the labor that to level of its best attempted them. Thus we learn. Life gives us certain exercises with "figured bass"; but when by such helps we master something of harmony, and deeper yet, something of the principles of form, we can manage chords, progressions and resolutions over whose elusive intricacy we once could have cried! No function is secondary to the spirit of obedience. The gun-deck is as noble as the quarter-deck. It was not only the men in the turrets, but the men at the engines, that cleared the sea at Santiago, and back of them the builders and machinists who had set every bolt and pinion in its place, and hammered true each rivet that held tight the iron lips of the boilers.

It is obstinate fidelity in minor duties — in the "one hour subjects" — that graduates "high honor" at the last. This

surmounts the temptation of the sallow and surly moods, and all the mongrel theories of diluted epicureanism, the violence of a greedy will, and the torpor of a false modesty.

The pigments, umber and amber, splotched upon the palette, have that in them that mastery can use to paint Madonnas. Out of the rough quarry-block Thorwaldsens can chisel immortal form. And life is to every one of us but the pedestal, the canvas, where the soul may — must — somehow utter its ideal, be that Fra Angelico's angel or Bougereau's satyr. Ah, that we may not talk Corregio and live chromo! For it is by reality, not by poising and posturing, that character becomes statuesque. Conscience toward the unseen and eternal drives away the attitudes of self-consciousness.

It was a whole result of truth in genius, when Phidias replied to one who chid his pains over a part of his work always to remain unviewed: "The gods see and must be satisfied." Few things rescued from the flux of the ages have a nobler pathos than the form of that sentinel who stood to his post in Pompeii while the ashes fell! Duty!

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
> 'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed.'"

The man after God's heart is the man who minds. There is nothing archaic and cryptic about Daniel as an instance. He, and every like soul, "rests and stands in his lot at the end." There is a grander pantheon than Westminster. By a sublime conservation of energy what has been truly good is unwastingly great. It may escape history, but it works on in the chemistry of time. Its ozone continues. We are sharing the momentum and entering into the labors of those

who saved past epochs from decay. We are mainly the legatees, not of the famous few, but of the anonymous myriads who have piled up the coral island from beneath the sea, and who in the dark wrought with a perpendicular instinct.

The "mute Miltons" are not inglorious—they are part of the organ whose music is not yet opened.

> "Ah, if our souls but poise and swing,
> Like the compass in its brazen ring,
> Ever level and ever true
> To the toil and the task we have to do,
> We shall sail securely, and safely reach
> The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
> The sights we see and the sounds we hear
> Will be those of joy and not of fear."

It is not canonization that is great, but saintship, and that which makes it is the daily syntax and maturing idiom of docility toward the God Who owns us all. It is a rough path may be, but it is well blazed by sharp axes. Doubtless Moses wondered why he was called to spend forty years out of the centre of his life as an Arabian shepherd! For this had he mastered Egyptian lore? Must he thus wait while Israel grovelled under taskmasters and acquired the slavish mind? Yes, in Midian, even Moses, and because Moses, must find the school where in his one life was preparing the emancipation of a people, where in meditative and germinal years the lawgiver of ages was himself mastering submission.

Oh, how fully, upon life after life, is our text illuminated! Which of you would have elected the disciplines of Bedford jail? Yet there was one who, persecuted and silenced, made that "den" the House of Interpreter, — a Beulah mountain. That which there he wrought made it a more notable dwelling than Lambeth palace. Which of you can tell, or cares that he cannot tell, who was just then Archbishop of Canterbury? One John Bunyan has outweighed all the primates England ever had!

Coarse cradles and rough tutoring oftenest shelter and train the most effective personalities.

How then dare you, dare I, so plunder the future as to renounce responsibility to God's control of us? Your life whirls on into unknown distances, you can see the landscape but sidewise, but the eye of the Engineer looks right on, whether you sleep or wake. Shall ignorance meddle with the intricate mechanism, shall madness change the switches in the night? What do we know of the complex bearings of one day, how much less can we foresee the leadings of a lifetime! He who lights all that chandelier of stars, listens to and loves to answer the child's petition that well becomes us all: "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

> "Far better in its place the lowliest bird
> Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
> Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
> And sing His glory wrong."

"Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end." It is a busy, beautiful world, and good to live in. God's control makes the living lovely, the good-night peaceful, the waking blessed.

O Thou Ancient of Days, send out Thy light and truth to lead us all! Let not one of our souls be cast down or disquieted because we do not now know all that Thou doest. We shall know hereafter and be satisfied when we awake in Thy likeness. While many run to and fro and knowledge is increased, may we begin our wisdom in Thy fear and crown it with Thy favor. Increase our faith. Curb our impatient wills. Sustain our needy hearts. Plant us by the rivers that make glad the city of God. For Thy name's sake order our lot and guide our growth in it, today, tomorrow, and forever more! Amen.

Men of the Class of '99:

To you have I said thus much already, and yet closer

would I come to you in a few words more. Forty-five of you arrive at the line. But two larger, and they but slightly larger, classes have graduated here. You have had upon your roll in all sixty-five names, six you have inherited from earlier classes, eight you have bequeathed to classes still in College. One, Hildreth, whom you loved, has finished his mortal work and "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace."

Your record is one of work, of good-will, and of exceptional scholarly average. You have been faithful to the standards that keep manhood clean and honor bright.

Your instructors hold you as friends and believe you hold them such. We are sure you will be working-bees, not drones, in the great hive of human life, not men of flighty impulse, but as steady to your task as the hour-hand of the clock. We believe in you.

Do you remember that 1799 was the date when the first recitations were held on our old hill?

It was a hundred years ago,
 Upon the crest that crowns the slope,
They did what they could never know
 Who opened there the doors of hope.

Scholar and soldier, man and saint,
 Our Kirkland made what naught could move,
And from that cradle rude and quaint
 Has grown the Hamilton we love.

It was a day of little things,
 And poverty and doubt were near,
And tho his prayers had sturdy wings
 He could not guess the hundredth year.

He struck the plow in fallow soil,
 He sowed the seed with open hand,
The God of Wisdom owned his toil,
 And where he wrought and sleeps we stand.

And still shall stand when we are gone
 The widening walls and ampler task,
And the good College shall live on
 With more than we can think or ask.

Thou God Whose mercies never cease,
While runs a second century,
Let our high beacon towers increase;
We trust their lamps of truth to Thee.

The College has stood, and stands, and will stand, firm as the integrity of these primeval hills, upon her face the vision of perpetual morning and all the sunsets at her back. The Observatory shall again search the stars, and the Chapel spire shall ever point beyond them. The sciences of sense and of the soul shall walk hand in hand thro the long to-morrow. The trees will grow, noble buildings rise, the campus hum with increasing life, but to the last it will be your own — your mother's fireside. The iron tongue of the bell shall ring golden notes of welcome. Changes shall be evolutions, not revolutions — growths, not decays.

Tune your hearts to the old key once more before you go — that loyal gratitude, in which you in your time, shall tell the fame and promote the advancement of your College. There will be an echo in the mellow air, room at the table, always and only yours. The place with all its paths, its romance of your youth, will be a goodly tryst long after the voices of the Faculty you knew are heard no more.

We take your hands hard. Go your way, and at the end of all the days stand in your lot. For He said it for you also, — " I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

THE BETTER WAY

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 24, 1900

I pray not that Thou shouldst take them from the world: but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil. John 17:15.

THESE immediate chapters of the fourth gospel are, of all places in the New Testament, those in which we come closest to the Messiah.

Here, hiding as "in a pavilion from the strife of tongues," the heart can hear itself listen. Sophism and doubt are silenced and answered, before this most divine and most human revealing of a Saviour's soul.

Here Love finds its utmost speech and takes that eleven, and all who will go with them, into its innermost confidence.

In this sublime intercession we overhear the very mind of Love itself, and vital and perpetual things, ennobling and surpassing language, are told so plain that words can never increase them. This mediatorial prayer not only goes to the quick of motive and feeling, it not only brims with personal and passionate affection, it also sketches the whole character and purpose of those who are to become the representatives and messengers of their Master — gives their errand, their secret of power, their antagonisms and perils, their pains, their peace.

The word "world" is deeply instructive in its iteration thro fourteen clauses. Indeed, we have to go carefully not to lose its force. The teaching as to the "world" (amplified in John's first letter) prompts us to distinguish the varied sense it has thro all the Testament.

Here it has mainly the special sense of denoting the general multitude of men, with their sphere and aims, as apart from those who are chosen into and who choose utterly the faithful fellowship of Christ as their Lord and Life.

And this petition is permanent in individualizing and col-

lecting all those, everywhere and always, who are the successors in the faith of that little company of followers. For them, severally and all together, its every accent and term.

I speak now in hope that no man of this company would forfeit his possible share in a Redeemer's invocation, nor undo by one iota its blessed bond. For you, or not for you, as you decide it, this prayer endures.

We may be sure that such a supplication omits nothing necessary and includes nothing unimportant. What the Son of Man sought, for all who will to be His, contains the abundant legacy of manhood.

And our text carries us to the very centre. Superiority, and not isolation. Use, without abuse. The highest life, lived tranquilly and bravely amid strenuous conditions. All terrestrial things interpreted by celestial ends. In the world and not of it !

Not absenteeism but transcendence, neither abstraction nor distraction. This was Christ's own way, and by those who would have all or none of Earth He was equally misunderstood and misclassified. The task and the joy, the rejection and the victory, go together, and the equation of loyalty to His way must have all its terms complete.

Not common forms but common motives, not identical circumstances but unity in character, is what creates the sympathy and the alliance between those who surpass the superficial substitute of uniformity, in true unity of the spirit.

Christ's own mind and method toward all visible and social surroundings, is what substantially joins all who are truly His. This is the bond of their peace.

This great request in our behalf cogently teaches that the super-mundane life is not yet the extra-mundane — that it is not maintained by a thought exterior to its conditionings of sense and sin, but superior to these. Waywardness and outwardness are to be surmounted by inwardness.

Surrender and sin lie not in surroundings but in contami-

nation. We can squeeze it right to this, — *not taken but kept!*

> " All its pleasures and its griefs,
> All its shallows and rocky reefs,
> All the secret currents, that flow
> With such resistless undertow,
> And lift and drift with terrible force
> The will from its moorings and its course."

When we meditate these dangers of the wide sea it seems easier not to venture. It is easier. But smooth roads make small men. Temporarily it is safer to avoid risks; but temporizing is the tune of feebleness. Monasticism gives up the fight in preferring seclusion to exclusion. An honest and brave manhood does not let that contemplation supersede action which rather should stimulate it. That "fugitive and cloistered virtue" failed of the very purity which it idealized — failed because it fled the war.

I suppose we all know what it is to avoid circumstances — to pray that the uncomfortable particular thorn may be withdrawn — that difficulty and pain may cease — or even, like Elijah, to say "Let me die, for I am not better than my fathers." Each of us more than he admits has Becky Sharp's theory,— "I think I could be good on £5,000 a year!"

We praise endurance and preach it to others: but when our turn comes we flinch. We want to learn obedience in some other than the grammar school of suffering, and resent the processes by which God would get the world out of us by keeping us in it.

But it is not by withdrawal, but by courage in the face of all the world can do or deny, that we magnify the power of grace to keep. "In your patience ye shall win your souls" — make them really your own! Absent-mindedness can not do the business. They who, like our Intercessor, carry Heaven with them, challenge all horizontal things with the confidence that God will give truth the victory in a fair fight.

Strength lies not in avoiding the enemy but in sticking close to the leader; for nothing will surrender to a force that is always falling back. Christ was a man among men — not locally but spiritually "separate from sinners." The common life of the busy and bleeding and wicked and yearning world was His arena.

That goodness which would thrive by getting into a little room and fastening all windows and doors, will suffocate. The Christian man will be forced constantly to his base of supplies: but he can be in the largest sense a man of affairs. He will, if he is a good soldier, be more anxious about the ammunition wagon than the ambulance. He will not pray to be taken out of the harness, but to die with the tugs straight!

A John Bright knows how to keep himself unspotted from the world. Statesmanship need not be statecraft. There are filthy politicians, nevertheless politics is a noble calling. There are shyster lawyers, and editors who come cheap, and time-serving, apologetic preachers, and business men whose morals are frightfully *decollete*: but "go not after their way."

Temptation like contagion must always have some response in its subject. It is not contact with worldliness but affinity with it, and consent, that pulls a soul to pieces.

Here lie the life and power of what we call the Church. The salt must be applied. The light must shine not under a bushel nor a bed! To be "carried to the skies" is no concern of yours yet. When Elijah has swept Carmel then God will send him His own carriage, but not to any juniper bush! Men need men — inspired, inspiriting men. You are here to help — you are equipped to serve — to spend your last ounce of energy for Him who loved the world because it could be saved! Exploit it — it will exploit you! Your fellows, right on this planet, need muscles, not crutches — courage, not cold-pieces; and no man gives until he gives himself! What a man has, too often declares the price the world has paid for him. What a man does for the world,

measures what he would be worth. Once there was a Man Who,— but that's the Gospel !

The problem of Christian progress is not to get good men away from the world, but to get them close to it. The less worldliness there is in a man the readier will he be to come to close quarters, where others, weakly good, dare not take the seeming risks of fidelity. It is one thing to read medicine, or even to take it, and quite another to practice it. We are afraid of catching something, and that is where the epidemic gets us !

To avoid those grapples that put us to the strain confesses weakness. For instance, it is because men's civic principles are so brittle (not so good) that city politics often become the puddle and trough of the loathsome. Alleged respectability disowns right itself when it votes the regular ticket of partisan lepers, who " fear not God nor regard man." Our sewer-scented municipalities need less cologne and more chloride of lime. Schemes to evade the world must always be less efficient than plans to master it. That was a bright bit of Rufus Choate's wit, when to one who asked after his health he replied that he " had used up his constitution and was living on the by-laws." And it is when we have run out of inspiration that we idolize organization as such and trust in appliances. For processes of mere manipulation often strangle the truth, and good causes are smothered by ponderous committees.

One of the surest ways to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Saul strutted about in his defensive armor while David, with simpler equipment, took the offensive. Goodishness guards its rear — Gospel grit pushes its front. It was Grant who said: " When this army is beaten it won't need any supplies."

We are too worldly to dare to meet worldliness and confront evil right where it lives. We want to segregate goodness; Christ would colonize it. He sends men, as He sends nations, to open up the world and let in the day. The

cleansing of one Havana does more to purge the world than all the quarantine regulations ever framed. Our divine Pattern would save us by having us save others.

Any company of men fancying itself "good," that sits and harangues itself about its "privileges", is as unreal and spectacular as a theatre, and its exercises, even tho called religious, are mere sentimental vaporings.

"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world." Christianity is far more than a mere protest.

The evil of "the world" — the root of all evil, which our Lord prayed that we might be kept from, is selfishness. It may be orthodox or not — Pharisee or Sadducee — little odds which, so it merely theorizes truth and but depicts duty. First Christ prayed against the evil world, then He died for it!

He not merely prescribed the cure, He became the cure. We, dainty, greedy, ungrateful, underrate the responsiveness of men, at large and in detail, to the power which in self-sacrifice overcomes evil with good.

All men instinctively distinguish between real human love which needs no other defense, and self-love exhibiting and defending itself in condescension. If one holds himself apart as super-precious and important, if he makes helpfulness an incident rather than an aim, if he merely praises the efforts of others, he thus becomes a part of the incubus.

For if you are not a lifter you are an addition to the load, and in the light of the very Gospel be it firmly said, that if we are too good to be used we are not good for anything!

And why should any one of you shun the suffering sinfulness of this struggling and piteous world? Why should any of you try to climb up by using those who are down?

Reverently we may paraphrase our text, — "I pray not to put them in Heaven, but to put Heaven into them." The Prince of Life anchored His Gospel in the world by bringing it in Person. He so took up His residence here that the common everyday people of Syria heard Him gladly. He

did it and we must do it, or cease to pray,— "Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

Would any of you be such a man? Nay, will you not all be such? In the world, yet none of it. For it, not from it. The ship floats in the water until the water gets into the ship. It is not location, but relation, that shall differentiate you from the element in which you are placed. Your probation hinges there.

Emancipation from the things seen and temporal is in deliverance from the world's spirit, philosophy, temper, lust, — not from its problems.

It often takes sharp surprises and bitter sufferings to make one aware how much he has allowed himself to become involved in the world's pretentious bankruptcy. Meet life now in its demands, not run from it, and save yourself too sharp a shock and too bitter a pang. Pray yourself the prayer Christ prayed for all disciples.

For all men do practically pray something. Some pray — Give me the world — the pride of life,— and success becomes an optimism which angers at any contradiction of its dream; failure, a pessimism angry at both rebuke and remedy.

Or some pray — Take it away — Take me away.

But third, and hardest and noblest and surest, is the prayer,— Keep me in it and yet keep me from it.

Agur's prayer was prudent,— "Give me neither poverty nor riches"; but deeper, wiser, were it to say to God, — As Thou wilt, give me either poverty or riches.

Men of the Class of 1900:

Would you indeed be men, learn a noble non-conformity to all patterns save One. Make yourselves by His help a known quantity for good in a world where you are bidden to be laborers together with God.

> "Ah, what a wondrous thing it is
> To note how many wheels of toil
> One thought, one word, can set in motion."

Count nothing small that you do bravely to make the world nearer to what God wills it to be.

Neither antiquated nor new-fangled, meet what each year brings you, sure that in all the flux of your time there are fixed stars by which to sail to a desired haven.

The century in which you were born has a mighty message to the century in which you shall die: but Christ's message is one for them both, and for you all. Remember that manly man who a year ago was your teacher, and not less a friend. Cleave to such men as Grosvenor Hopkins was. Strive to be such men, and pass down from this divide of your years into the valleys where rare harvests invite the reapers.

In the memory of the College that mothers you, recognize the inspirations of her historic past. Whatever she has been to you, she may be more and will be more to you, as you look back to the friendships, the unconscious tuitions, the happy reveries and the prophetic dreams. Once, twice, thrice more, all of you together, and then never again this side the war! May your Lord and Master "fulfil for you every desire of goodness and every work of faith, with power." I do not want to let you go: but all the rest must speak unspoken.

SPECIALISM AND SYMPATHY

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 23, 1901

Love is the fulfilment of law. Romans 13:10.

My purpose is to speak of two aspects of all mental earnestness as they combine in a true theory of education; then of this true theory of education as it increases personal character and vital influence.

I would restate and if I can reimpress some fundamental principles in which you are already well begun, and in which I know you must continue to advance if you are to be men of discrimination and efficiency. Two things I shall try to urge as mutually indispensable in the real development of both mental and moral life,— Specialism and Sympathy. Each consideration touches present and permanent problems in education, as this in its means and ends is concerned with that harmony between capacity and energy which unifies and intensifies life.

From these two descriptives I would attempt to cleanse some obscurities, and would carry your convictions toward that comprehensive view of them which is instantly related to manly growth in both knowledge and grace. The correct vision of these two duties of the mind must open a generous and inviting vista, and invite you to proceed with that honest caution which ministers to the surest courage.

Emerson somewhere wrote that "The poorest poem is better than the best criticism upon it." How much easier it is to write poor poetry than to write good criticism there are doubtless here as many as several who know well! But I suppose he meant not that, but that creation is nobler in kind than inspection. And I take a little comfort as I try not merely to construe words but to construct an idea and an ideal whose sum shall be just to its each part. "Mixing things (said Mrs. Carlyle) is the great bad."

Law is rational order and its interpretation. Science is that careful and arranged appreciation of this order which classifies and ratifies every kind of attainable knowledge. It is information philosophised into that mental result which reads out of the fact what the Supreme Mind has written into it. It is a recognition of reality far anterior to itself.

Love goes deeper. It is of the will. It gathers all feeling into consent. It establishes voluntary relation to that wisdom which thro law addresses life. It is intelligent affinity, — the soul's Amen to the divine Yea. It incorporates law and transcends it. Law teaches and invites the response of life thro love, and love is life filling law full.

Now Specialism is the legal method of the brain under man's double limitation in both ability and time.

Divide et impera is its behest. It detaches one single range of research or enterprise. It is particular, focal, and individualistic. As to one thing it would know all that can be known or do all that can be done. It concentrates its power upon a point, and by intense abstraction and an ever closer subdivision and analysis it pushes the wary atom to its lair. The specialist sinks one shaft. He gazes thro a tube at his single object. In art or affairs he is utterly devoted to his one investigation. In whatsoever realm, the instincts of the honest specialist are vigilance and thoroness; eagerly he plods, slowly he hastens. His errand is not to impose theories but to uncover facts. Patiently he prepares the way. His function is not to plead a case but to gather the evidence. His attitude has been typical of all the learning of our time, as it has been the note of all the vast and masterful expansion of our mechanic arts.

But Specialism is hemi-spherical. If we would not be "ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth," we must know that life is not a circle but an ellipse. That which mind perceives is one of the two focii — the mind which perceives is the other. These bivalve parts are inter-regulative and co-efficient.

Curiosity without co-ordination is aimless and futile. In all factoring, analysis is a full half: but it is only half; the other half is synthesis. The one must distinguish and the other must combine. And the mood and effort in which the synthesis is realized is Sympathy.

Analysis unties, synthesis unites. The means are instrumental to this end. The portion seeks the sum. In a creation where all separate things have this supreme affinity, namely, that they exist in one total, all facts are gregarious. They interlace and are reticulated. To dissect and there quit them is to destroy. The severalty can only be understood by the jointure. The community of interest is what makes the "effectual working together" of the manifold items, and so makes them intelligible. All suffer and rejoice interactively. "The whole creation (and because a whole) travaileth in pain together."

Sympathy cares for what all parts share in the sum. It is vital; for life is concerned with the total unity of a total world. Study the staves, study the hoops that clasp them, so as to study the heads, and at last the barrel. You must build as well as carve — if you are to fill full the barrel. The mere addition of these various shreds will not give you the result; for assorting is not consorting: but their proper combination will, as each gives and receives meaning to and from the purposed end. Here is one more vindication of my pet paradox, that except in the abstraction of mathematics the whole is always greater than the sum of its parts. Mere juxtaposition is barren. A football team is more than eleven players. Our nation is more than forty-five states. You are more than your aggregate faculties. A sentence is more than the words it assembles. The 'law of the spirit of life' is more than the separate activities which it uses.

After all the statics and dynamics under which your barrel is built, the question of what shall fill it is cardinal. Remember to be good coopers: but remember to be more than coopers. And consider that a barrel must at least con-

tain enough to be worth freightage. It pays to carry a "fulfilment" of flour from Minneapolis to the seaboard; but the same space full of shavings would mulct the consignee. Better be a keg of dry powder than a cask of putty!

Sympathy is telepathy. All things and all men are interdependent. Relation designates co-responsibility. This rescues every detail from incoherency. Its high kinship is the nobility of the instant and the instance. To forget the implication of any part of anything is to strip it of meaning and to make it a sherd. The exaggeration of individualism is its secession and defeat. Your Latin teaches you that its synonym is egotism, your Greek that it is idiocy.

You must inspect in order to contract. The strands are in order to the cable, — the day in order to the year. Sympathy does not proceed toward a quotient, but a multiplicand.

"To see life steadily and see it whole" is to know that man is naturally federative, and that no fact or fellow is alien from any man's endowment in God.

While Specialism all by itself is isolar, gibbous, sexless, barren; Sympathy, with all that is and can be, brings us into fellowship with the 'One law, one love, one element.' It is the pollen of life. It fertilizes all capacity. Law and love are thus necessary complements. Finally, they are not merely harmonious but vitally identical. The whole man, the integral man, the man whom they together have freed from astigmatism, uses them as interchangeable terms, and sings with Browning,—

"All's love; but all's law,"—

and so to the higher chemistry gives them one symbol!

Not omniscience then, which is the modern gnosticism, is your goal: but unity of feeling with every other child of the one Father, and the appreciation that of that unity the unity of all the tangible and optical world is the parable and pedestal. Even if Specialism could ever become omniscience, Sympathy would still be omnipotence.

If you follow me, you cannot think that I am disparaging analysis. I exalt it, in the name of that synthesis which is its warrant and its crown. They are the two sides of the one coin, obverse and reverse, from the same mint. They are the bi-sexual reason!

Unwarped, unthwarted, every true and severe task, of the mind or of the hand, of study or of action, leads from the particular to the general, from the mechanical to the vital, thro the rational to the emotional. The fulfilment suffuses the process. We are fuel for that fire. The Way, the Truth and the Life speaks, and our hearts burn within us. So are we fashioned. A full connection and circuit, and that which is not of the wire leaps thro it! For all science, of the senses or of the soul, is in order that we may realize life and Him who grants and guides it. In this half-time, so much dominated by the apparent, we are to be delivered from considering ourselves as mere cogs and pinions of an apparatus, by those spatial affinities which convince us that the enginery is less than the engineer, and the track less than the destination.

"Two worlds are ours," and thereto even the "flower in the crannied wall" is a witness. Between the outmost and the inmost — between "the starry worlds and the conscience"— the Presence!

Sympathy then,— that co-feeling which makes kin, common-weal, catholicity of heart, the whole as the point of view,— this I urge.

It is more than amount of knowledge, it is motive. Motive more than locomotive! Accuracy not for the arrow's sake, but for the archer's.

So may you be delivered, whether in the laboratory or the closet or the factory or the field or the chair, from the idolatry of your particular topic or sub-topic, nor hold any of your acquisitions as a self-sufficing end. Each is for all. Regard for one's own segment of industry, if it becomes antipathetic or even apathetic toward the tasks of others

will greatly diminish your value even on your own half-acre; while a genuine human interest in the relation of your knowledge to another's, of your search to another's search, will encourage both him and you. Always there are others! In every sphere of man's attempts, large-heartedness is the antidote for that over-concentration which in ignoring other parts frustrates its own,

Let it be Government. The durable patriotism is not parochial nor provincial, nor even merely continental: but it is international. The commonalty and reciprocity of all the families of Earth is the corrollary of that prayer which Europe and America owe to that true Light of Asia Who was the Light of the World! Love, like light, makes no apology, but is universally diffusive. In the sight of God they are the barbarous nations who treat others as such! A mere localized philanthropy is only a modified misanthropy. No eulogy of *Man* goes well with the obloquy of men or races of men.

Let it be Literature. It is valid as the reflection of life. Life is the dominant — the strong, searching, chord. The specializing of language as such is external to the impulses which make words subservient to rich feeling, and find those the only classics which hold the world's heart. The best is that which most invites and best endures translation. To get and to appreciate another point of view,— this is the benefit. *Motif* then is more than technique. We study the masters of English, if duly, that we may value and perpetuate the genius of English manhood. Hebrew, Greek, Latin — all tongues, or modern or antique, — they are human. Their polyglot finds Sympathy of one speech. This is the Pentecostal affluence which reverses Babel! Philology ought to inspire a philanthropy which forgets race and date. Toward the whole synthesis of mankind literature is the most potent and perennial influence. It is the vessel of prophecy. By it the dead speak. No language that has voiced a literature can ever be dead except to men

who are not alive. It is a mirror in which, for those who will look, heart answers heart. "To learn language (wrote John P. Coyle) but not literature is to be barely human, — to be a non-historical man. Literature is specifically higher than language. It stands for a higher type of a corporate life. It is the chief agency thro which the higher historical forces are transmitted, with least refraction or deflection, or diminution of energy." Hence the Bible. One should study Greek to understand the Greeks — German to understand the Germans — and specialize in any tongue so as to sympathize with the men who speak or who spake it. So let grammar and glossary do their best: but so that they may lead to the Library, and there the Library pour its gold into the furnaces of Life!

Or let it be Sociology. What is Society, or the still inchoate because unethicised science thereof, without sympathy? Society itself is a super-specialistic term. Work and wages and weal, brain and brawn, craft and craftiness, get and give,— our Economics,— must be debrutalized, intensely humanized, nay evangelized, if it is not to be a dismal swamp of bog and malaria. Subdivisive specialism will not shoulder the load. We need first a justified and second an applied generalization — Ethics, which is universal equity. Over against every wrong a right, by the side of every right a duty, sympathetic deed: else antipathy and nations slipping in blood!

> "Does business mean — 'Die you live I!'
> Then 'Trade is trade!' but sings a lie;
> 'Tis only War grown miserly."

Or be it the Church. If it is not to be a dissonance of clanging symbols (and you may write the first sibilant either way) it must recognize that Theology like every other science is a specialty, but that Religion is a sympathy. Its privilege is essentially inclusive and flatters no selfish exceptionalist! Caste is anti-Christ. To care for God is to care for men as God understands them. To clas-

sify and segregate sympathy here is to tear the vesture of the Lord — to divide His heart. The real Church is at once the infirmary and the arsenal of all souls. Comprehension is its passion and its power. It is either a plan and specification of Society as it ought to be and as God means it shall be, or it is the most stupendous failure of history — all failures in one! But if the sympathy of God is not impracticable and the Gospel stultified, then to join the Church is to join mankind!

So then, by all this illustration, "Love is the fulfilling of the law," and in every way Sympathy, which is love's vindication, stands as an ideal, a motive and a goal, over against the insularities, the antagonisms, the envies, and all the Kilkenny quarrels of partisans and egotists. Not money for money's sake, nor art for art's sake, nor science for science's sake; but all these for man's sake, and for every man's.

"Such as the love is, (said Swedenborg) such is the wisdom." Out of specialism are the issues of knowledge but "out of the heart are the issues of life." Knowledge alone inflates — Love upbuilds. If my distinction is clear it involves its own applications and appeals.

My illustration is special in so far as it is pedagogic, but I seek to use this but as a good instance and in sympathy with all things that it subtends, even to the very highest. True education is *eduction* — the outdrawing of the utmost capacity. The market value of it is in its production of whole men, wide-based and well-builded, such as are more and more demanded for the enlarging and compacting partnerships of mankind. "The function of education (writes Herbert Spencer) is to prepare for complete living." It should teach men to generalize well, and thus, in the appreciation of large relations and in the inclusion of many points of view, best to compass each his own work.

The truest preparation toward any one calling is wide-mindedness, and the alert, the agile, the joyful application of diverse and even oblique bearings. The wider the lens

the more rays it focuses. The narrow tire wears a deep rut; but the broad wheel both arrives earlier with a larger load and also betters the way for those who follow.

The great Italians are the first and finest instance of a various and superb general ability. Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Paoli Sarpi, Michael Angelo, are of a group more than ambidextrous, who wrought wonderfully in many fields. Their specialty was to live. Moses was such a man, and it took an Angelo to interpret his heroic mould.

An interest aroused and established in the whole round of lore and life, a heart responsive to the multiformity of knowledge and endeavor,— this is the best preliminary preparation for any and every particular pursuit. If a too-early partialism crowds this aside, it steals away that horizon beyond his peculiar task which, for the relief of his intellect and for the health of his heart, every man needs. When professionalism becomes a vice it is because it looks meagerly and torpidly upon all that does not fit its own furrow, is only practical at one angle. It lacks amity and comity. It is selfish. Its analog is in that piteous and happily rare disease of the eye in which vision can only see in one direct line and is as if directed thro a gun barrel. Blindness supervenes.

Solitary and intense concentration requires the offset of a well-taught and therefore early-taught outlook, uplook, inlook, onlook. Bare routine of head or hand, becoming automatic, starves ideality. Only large conviction and a sense of relativity can school that content and sweet-heartedness which, because of the ultimate meanings beyond all present utilities, confers upon each plain and frugal task the touch of finality.

Only sincere sympathy can redeem any specialty from monotony and myopia: but this sympathy gives momentum to all skill, and in its climate the eyes kindle, because "patience worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because love is shed abroad in the heart." Here is where comes in the humanistic side of

education. In his final published article it was thus put by one of our noblest graduates, who this year has begun his endless 'summer in a garden,'—Charles Dudley Warner of '51.

"The better part of the life of a man is in and by the imagination. This is not generally believed, because it is not generally believed that the chief end of man is the accumulation of intellectual and spiritual material. Hence it is that what is called a practical education is set above the mere enlargement and enrichment of the mind, and the possession of the material is valued and the intellectual life is undervalued. But it should be remembered that the best preparation for a practical and useful life is in the high development of the powers of the mind, and that commonly by a culture that is not considered practical. The notable fact about the group of great parliamentary orators in the days of George III. is the exhibition of their intellectual resources in the entire world of letters, the classics and ancient and modern history. Yet all of them owed their development to a strictly classical training in the schools. And most of them had not only the gift of the imagination necessary to great eloquence, but also were so mentally disciplined by the classics that they handled the practical questions upon which they legislated with clearness and decision. The great masters of finance were the classically-trained orators William Pitt and Charles James Fox."

The old term, "a liberal education," and the thing itself, it is today a fad to challenge and with much self-sufficient ascerbity; but I make bold to urge that "liberal education" was never more needed, both to introduce the skill and to amend the tenuity of the expert. In spite of all belligerent neological dogmas liberality of mind and purpose is indispensable. Liberality has many windows and many doors, and makes room at its hearth for every guest that is clean and sane. It is constructive, and so while hospitable it

does not keep a disorderly house! Its liberty is not license nor its largeness laxity. It is broad, but its dimensions include depth also. It neither abandons law nor worships it. It follows the "more excellent way."

Such an education puts no premium upon haste, nor does it discount future power by an immature substitution of learning for training. It is structural toward the whole man and seeks to issue him not besmeared but bessemered. It considers the capable metal more than the commercial false edge. Self-realization is the end. It seeks not yours but you! It teaches you to ponder the wherefore and the whither. You are not tools but men. If you would be handy in this big world you must be hearty. Just in so far as you are men, and no further, will your scholarship prove available. For in letters and in life, in art and religion, in school and house, in whatever balances the harm and heals the hurt, in whatever makes woman tender and man brave, whatever enlarges the scholar, the seer, the saint, — Sympathy interprets and bonds all things, and "passeth all things for illumination." It gives quality to quantity.

Men of the Class of 1901:

You are the best class that ever graduated from this College in the twentieth century! When from the Gymnasium gallery that bears your *imprimatur* forty classes look down upon you, may you still be without a better! I shall not be there. You have had "tutors and governors until the time appointed." All that is over. You are glad and sorry. I have at least one good reason to feel an especial proprietary right in you. I claim it and you will grant it. You will keep faith with the lovely old lady that lives on the hill! You are a part of her brood and breed. She is not rich but she is kindly. Such as she has had she has given you. Keep it. Put it to the good usury of life. Cherish every pure ambition, every manly vow. Revoke every mistake. In the name of all your teachers, who have also striven to

be your friends,— in the name of all the College that is, that has been, and that shall be, — by this last word of admonition and of hope, — I greet you. *Bon voyage!* May you do business in the great waters of Time, and may you not come home "in ballast" but deep-laden, upon tides "too full for sound or foam," and so with an abundant entrance. May God always have with you the last word! Be perfected in that love which casteth out all fear!

Prayers for you, — tears for you, — cheers for you, — years for you! Be of good courage. Hurrah! and Amen!

SYMMETRY

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 22, 1902

Ephraim is a cake not turned. Hosea 7:8.

WITH gratitude and hope I note the passing years, and for the tenth time stand here to say to you of this latest graduating class a word of final exhortation. Bear with it and me this once more. With what I try to utter to you I search myself.

Hosea was both a preacher and a type. Strikingly he instanced what it was to carry the "burden" of the prophet. His task was vicarious, as are the tasks of all men who upbear their time. His words are anguished as he views the deep apostacy of the ten tribes; intense with reproach, with lament, with entreaty, lurid with the reflection of astounding wickedness and its impending wo, in a day when his land was saturated with lust and blood, and when elegant scoffing went hand in hand with vile degeneracy. The passion of his broken rhetoric, the abrupt blending of wrathful accusation and pathetic appeal, are of the very "accent of the Holy Ghost."

The prophet snatches illustration from every side, and midway in his tempestuous utterance he makes the plainest every-day comparison — a kitchen picture — serve his use. He likens Israel to the baker's oven — heated, waiting while the leaven works, standing hot thro the night, blazing out in the morning, devouring all that is near it. It is sharp and vigorous. Then he swings the figure, and Ephraim, who has been the red-hot oven, is now himself that which the oven destroys.

That primitive appliance, the oriental *tan-nur*, was a cylinder of baked clay. Three feet high it stood, somewhat conical. The fire was lit within, the baking placed against, or plastered upon, the outside. The utensil was familiar,

and its careless use sufficiently so. In every household what the prophet pictures had sometime sacrificed the morning fare. A hot oven neglected, a "cake not turned", and a ruined baking,— one side done too much, the other not done at all, one side scorched and cindered, the other an insipid paste. Overdone, underdone, undone,— an unpalatable and indigestible compound of grit and dough, sheer worthlessness and waste. The housekeeper must begin anew, or if flour and yeast are gone must go hungry.

There, then, is a parable wrapped small. Such a cake Ephraim was, and such, alas, is many a modern man who thinks it fine to despise both Hebrew and prophet. It is the plainest suggestion of an abundant lesson. It exhibits good materials badly manufactured,— too much fire and too little cook! Misapplied fuel, facilities frustrated, good stuff spoiled, a charred and emetic result, fit only for cats and dogs! "Because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of My mouth!"

Life's hot ovens, not enough tended, are ever turning off those who are done on one side and on one side only,—half baked characters. These men, (and some of them are women,) a composite of exaggeration and neglect, are "cakes not turned." For, fine flour, stout yeast, stiff kneading, and you haven't good bread unless you add to these careful cooking. "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone!" We can all recall enterprises of ours that fell out a dead loss simply because we did not watch our ovens!

Today's ruined batch is not however all a loss, if patient experience works betterment tomorrow.

The blunders of this world are mainly the result of heedlessness.

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as by want of heart."

Where malice slays its thousands, carelessness slays its myriads. It is therefore more disastrous than malice! Con-

tinually men are going to the wall because they do not remember that opportunity always has double possibilities, evil as well as good. Permission to make a great success is permission also to make a great failure. Bad handling can wreck the sturdiest ship, mismanagement waste the amplest fortune, inadvertence foil the best occasions, delay slam in our faces hope's brightest door,— the whole life fail by not turning the cake all ways to the fire ! Homely and wholesome then the precept, that the result after God's mind is a man done on both sides. Thoroness, which is thro-and-throness, is as desirable in character as in cookery. And so our theme is a warning against that disproportion which follows both excess and neglect. All-aroundness, balance, symmetry, is the true ideal and goal of an available man. He loses this equipoise and sphericity, and becomes gibbous and lopsided, who is willing to let defects offset his excellences. He has the moral mumps !

Even distribution is the task of the true life, to utilize the maximum of energy and to minimize the waste. With a loose joint and poor packing the mechanism has "play" and there is friction and lost motion. Misspent force shatters its tools. If the enginery does not fit the hull there is strain and danger. The steam boiler that fizzes at all its joints wastes steam — the boiler overtaxed bursts. A good equilibrium lavishes nothing and uses all.

For the differences which determine and distinguish success or failure are no great differences. Not *toto coelo*, but by a little arc, does winning change to losing. Tall men are taller by inches, not feet. It is in the final ten per cent. of possible force that men surpass their fellows.

> "The little more, and how much it is:
> The little less, and what worlds away !"

In wooing or in war, the margin wins. The last few grains turn the balance. Three of four degrees of the barometer's thirty-two register the calm and the tornado. A "Waterbury watch" can run within ten minutes a month, and that

is all its inferiority to the chronometer that runs within ten seconds. Seven per cent. profit and the business succeeds; seven per cent. loss and it fails. Fractions decide the life!

We all know men with attainments we despair of matched with weaknesses we despise, who, beating the air with one wing, chafe, struggle, and die distanced. He will get further who walks on two feet than he who attempts to run on all fours! The upper and under tensions must both be regulated. The window plant must be turned about. For a complete beauty the tree must stand in the open. A ship that has not enough keel and ballast for her sail is "crank," and so is a man who leans too far one way and lacks recovering power! If suddenly this whirling planet were to slow down and cease its revolutions, think how its very zones would shift!— the side towards the Sun becoming an intolerable Sahara, the side away a more than Arctic midnight, all the tribes of men presently peopling only the narrow belt of permanent twilight! But what the Earth has from her impartial exposure to the Sun, that must we get by turning our entire being to the illumination of God.

This is it — that wholeness must fortify all ways. Isolated virtues are not virtue. One may have some good traits yet not be good. Energy will not redeem selfishness, nor beauty and taste condone idleness, nor brilliancy offset scrofulous morals. Keen gifts set in such broad defects make caricature. He who would live more than platitude must know that, far from averaging force with fault, high desire urges that allegory of Holmes',—

> "The weakest spot must stan' the strain,
> An' the way to fix it, ez I maintain,
> Is only jest to make that place as strong as the rest."

The textural quality must lie under the surface finish. Symmetry is more than bigness. The three-ply man, body, brain, and heart, — the man thinking, feeling, acting, must have an equalized development. Terrestrial and celestial relations must not quarrel. This triune life is citizen of a

dual world. The so-called practical and the so-called ideal life are not at variance. To specialize the muscles of one arm only is to deny the right of the other. To specialize any one capacity or realm, and not to generalize that part with the whole, is to defeat even that one.

There is no more moving warning against an unnatural prematurity and an unnatural immaturity than the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. Scholarly in Greek at eight, a close student of history at ten, he wrote: "I never was a boy, never played at cricket — it is better to let Nature have her own way." It was monstrous: but more monstrous was the way in which his father taught him austere doubt, and for bread offered him scorpions!

What abnormal schooling is that which concerns itself only with the objective and ignores the soul that sees, thinks, and lives on. Sufficient reason, adequate end and action with this reference — these, or starvation. The higher education, the real fulfilment of manhood, must be "of large discourse, looking before and after." The greatest realities are the innermost. That is but arrested development which thinks that man's chief end is to know things, rather than to discern personality. To do, to be — the realm of person and conscience — this is life. Spiritual navigation, too, must be by the stars of Heaven; and of them all, brighter than Sirius and Alcyone, by the Star of Bethlehem.

"When science reaches forth her arms to feel from world to world," she still must cry with the old Psalm, unless her heart is frozen in conceit,— "My soul thirsteth for the living God!" One may be broad, yet be shallow. To see horizontally, but be blind vertically, is to usurp ethics by mere esthetics and statistics — esthetics which fail of the true beauty, and statistics which omit the supreme fact. Walter Scott's last word to his son Lockhart was: "My dear, be a good man!" Devotion to the highest is the root of wisdom. Upper education begins not with abstruse mathematics and abstract speculation and all the array and analysis

of objects, but with the lore of loving lips that taught us —

> " Now I lay me down to sleep;
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,"—

and sealed it with a mother's kiss ! There can be no equity of manhood that refuses life's inner side and ultimate question. The thinking and the doing that does not culminate in God is truncated and thwarted. Its restlessness is its confession of poverty. It denies the heart hunger which is either a prophecy or a doom. Nor is admission of the God-side of life enough, without a joyful submission. One may have a mind furnished like a great library, and a spirit as hard and cold as that library's walls. It is the " cake not turned !" For what a distortion is it to know and not to be ! — never to arrive — to be mentally finished and spiritually not begun ! Again I turn you to that one complete manhood — His, in Whom we are to " grow up in all things " until we come to the complete and entire man — to the measure of the stature of fulness This only is accomplishment.

True education is a ripening — a seasoning. It endeavors to evoke many-sidedness — to help one's mind to become public, large, hospitable. It is the glory of a true college course that it does not purport to finish its scholar but to start him well. It is not a sausage-machine. Its disciplines neither attempt nor desire to rival the school of technology. It takes time, and therefore must often hear the sneers of haste-making avarice. Remember Moses' college course of forty years. To surround the task, to compass and comprehend it, has less haste but more speed.

> " We may o'errun by violent swiftness that which we run at,
> And lose by overrunning."

Far from circumstances jostling mediocrity to the top, they will throw it under. Shake a measure, and see the big tubers come up! In this exacting and sifting time the small potatoes go out of sight. There is a plenty of demand for those who will be all they can be: but little enough for

seconds. Well-tempered tools will longest hold their edge. The steel process takes longer; but then you get steel. "He that will have a cake out of the meal must needs tarry the grinding." One who would precipitate himself half-baked upon an unwary world will ultimately pay the freight. The world will get even with him. It will not willingly set its teeth twice in a raw man. He isn't cooked!

You have not taken the "short cut." You are now to advance upon the same broad guage, and not for a moment to lose the wider view of capacious, generous sympathies. You will be available not because you have been here, but because you have absorbed this idea of being many-bladed. You cannot lie down upon past privileges. A wider view demands not less intensity but more. No stencilled A. B. will make indeterminateness efficient. One who prides himself merely because he has had advantages, is as foolish as one who prides himself because he has not had them ! Worth is as the man is. "A man is worth to himself what he is capable to enjoy, worth to the world what he is capable to impart." This is the whole lesson of Hosea's oven and of the "cake not turned." And I make the prayer,—"The God of peace himself sancitify you wholly, and may your whole body, soul and spirit be preserved entire, without blame, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Men of the Class of 1902:

In the name of the College, and of all your instructors there, I give you each a hearty hand. You have been a part of Hamilton in days of progress. Your influence has been true and steadying. You are still to be a part of the College and she is still to claim your concern and your fidelity. Stand by her true advancement as long as you live. Honor her *imprimatur*. It takes good men to be leaders and to be followers. Stand four-square toward life's exactions and awards. Be apart from that cross-eyed envy which puts an emphasis upon equity that denies liberty, and from the one-

eyed greed that asserts liberty to the denial of equality. Hold fast to that equity which is duty, and stand for it steadily, even tho *contra mundum.* Dr. Weir Mitchell has written well that "temperament is permanent mood." So set each mood broadly in all its just relations, and let your joys be "more than mere animal spirits." Both weed your souls and plant them, both plant them and weed them.

It has been deplored that "There are no great men now." It is not true. Real greatness is absolute, not relative. The ideal is not a few exceptions, but a high average. Success lies not in surpassing your fellow men, but in surpassing yourself. So shall you lift the world, which is harder and nobler than to surprise it. Recall the last order of Col. Liscum of the Ninth Infantry, falling at Tien-Tsin,— "Keep on firing!" Always there is a firing line. Stand there under the great unseen Captain. That's the place, and as to what men say, no matter,— or not the first matter.

> "They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
> Better men fared thus before thee,
> Fired their ringing shot and passed,
> Hotly charged, and sank at last.
>
> Charge once more then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall."

And last I cite you to the two noble examples that you have had, in the persons of those honored and sturdy men who, while your course on the good hill has been accomplishing, have finished theirs on Earth,— Dr. Hopkins, Dr. Terrett. Carry those twin memories as your go and never forget that they were your friends! Separated but not sundered, may every manly affection, pure ambition, generous labor, that you have shared here, bless you in days to come. And in that life of prayer which is a pledge and a prophecy, may your friendships still be a unit —

> "Bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

PROBLEMS OF CHURCH AND COLLEGE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 21, 1903

Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Revelation 3:11.

THE source of this admonition, and the stimulations of its great inducement, furnish room and breath within which our present thought can move freely. Gladly I reckon that, whatever our several orbits, we have, who are here, a common solar centre, and that American patriotism, mental ardor, and that faith whose counterproof is unflinching fidelity, include us all in their high compulsions.

I must be satisfied to condense and to suggest, italicising some chief matters which urge a new fortitude toward the exacting privilege of a time whose every pulsation is so stimulated. I must be positive, yet assuming no infallibility. For that, there are too many counter-popes here, yet holding all of them, I trust, a pontifical theory of indulgence, and willing to shrive my errors. If you love the tides of truth, you are assured that it is not for the closet alone but for "free and open encounter," not merely for the armory, but for the tented field and the battle's perilous edge.

I speak as to some of the primary present problems of the College and the Church. The Church is "the blessed company of all faithful people." Not in our differences, which all are secondary and provisional, but in the things in which we agree, are we of the one Shepherd and the one flock. An ebbing faith obtrudes the non-essentials; — flood-tide, where the ships go free, buries these. It is not that this polity or that argument may prevail; but that the masterful love of the world's Messiah may subdue, inform, confirm, and so bring in the only and immortal kingdom.

All stages of growth are new occasions of fidelity or of default. They "teach new duties" and "make uncouth" the comprehensions and measures which they displace. Our

dislodgements test us whether we have rested upon unshakable reality or upon transient form. Winds and floods emphasize the rock. Fire searches the "wood, hay and stubble" of traditional interpretations. Loyalty stands sure, and, tho with modern ordnance and smokeless powder, it is still a convinced and expectant manhood that wins the fight.

Exigency always stimulates the brave. In a rapid and anxious time the timid flutter and cower, the tumid bluster — to no better purpose; but they who "know Whom they have believed" front the new conditions with new courage.

New conditions there are. Each day the world compacts and the inter-relation of mankind is more intense. Providence is now forcing our tardiness to realize the Orient, and also sternly facing us toward complex and culminating domestic questions.

Immigration by the annual half-million and more; Africa within our doors, with the involved evasions of the Constitution in which the old barbarities reappear; the tireless machinations within the wooden-horse of Mormonism; stolid illiteracy; the organized tyrannies of greed and envy — playing with fire; the overriding of equity both by capital and craftsmanship; the evasion, the barter, the trampling of law; the congestion of the city; the depraving of local government; the rape of the ballot; the place-seeking of scoundrels; the contempt of that only code which offers tired man fifty-two holidays in the year, and there gives his soul and God the right of way; the fungoid development of oligarchy and pseudo-aristocracy; the sins of "pride, idleness and fulness of bread," which sap the household and rob the cradle; amid all, the epidemic of graft; — these are some of the problems which throw deep shadows upon the moral map of our country and our time. Over all these a sordid materialism, whose final logic installs sense and sensuality above spirit and conscience, and which curses this world by ignoring another, broods portentous, and invokes the judg-

ments of Him Whom it does "not like to retain in its knowledge."

And the problem of a Church, not supine, is whether it can hold its own! No! If it hesitates and halts, otiose and senile. Yes! If it sees and dares rise up, vibrant, to —

> "Live pure, speak true, right wrong,—
> Follow the King!"

The dilemma is *zeitgeist* or *Heiliger Geist* — the age-spirit or the Lord's! For soft seduction is worse than fierce attack. Piety and patriotism alike urge a reminting of the worn and debased coin-current of alleged Christianity, invoke the purging of nominalism with fire and fan, demand the bugle-call, "Who is on the Lord's side?" exact Elijah's alternative, "Follow Jehovah, or Baal!" Not so much do we need revision of creed, even with its trenchency of simplification, as we need renewal of credit, of consent to the standards of obedience. "Two masters" are one too many! The attempt fails. Yes; "The time is come for judgment to begin at the house of God." What the apparent Church of today unconsciously invokes is an era of persecution — the apologia of martyrdom! For merely to "hold one's own" is no martial ambition. Napoleon's strategy taught well that "The army which stays in its entrenchments is beaten." The defensive postpones defeat; but only the offensive wins. So Sedan and Metz, so Trenton and Yorktown, so Lookout and the Wilderness. The enemy marches around our fixed artillery. He circumvents us and takes us in flank. The wisdom of our war needs the tactics of aggression. We must force the fighting.

Unable then to drift up stream, two things are demanded. First, to see and say that the purpose and power of the Christ covers all possible human relations, that His "mind" includes all these issues and is alone their solvent. His idea of the "Church" is not an ark, but a life-boat! It is a life-saving service, or it is none. All lives, and all of each! The universality of the Gospel is its singularity. It means

everything if it means anything. To exploit it selfishly is to deny it utterly. It is not abstract. The application of the non-partisan ethics of Christ to all that affects the society of men is His exaction of our day. Under her critical opportunity and probation, He yet forbears with this headstrong America. If He is not practicable by us, then either He is impossible or we are, and then one must give up the other! If we are to retain Him, the Church, not fatuous, must with a prophet's voice declare that the "law of Christ" makes illegitimate much that affects to be legal, that our economics, our politics, our sociology, must not only be ethicised but evangelized! It must repent of its isolations, its temporizing, its idolatries, and no longer deaf and dumb and blindly cloistered, deserve and regain the respect even while it dares the hate of the world! *Ephatha!*

Salvation is not in the passive voice. The "offense of the cross" is not ceased. He who will not make it a bauble, and will bear it to the place where Christ bore it, shall find unexplored meanings in the Gospel! Well indeed may the frightened sailors of time cry to all fugitive and snoring prophets,— "Awake, O sleepers, and call upon your God, that we perish not!"

The other thing is *to go* — out, if on. Outreach alone is apostolical. Narrow individualism defeats itself in wasting its virtues upon egotism. The Church must claim, and be worthy to claim, far more. It must vindicate its appeal to be the highest fulfilment of human longing for federation in God.

Clinkers in your house furnace are not fuel. They receive fire but add nothing to it. They hinder, and they must be cleansed out and a new fire built that will give heat. And the Church is today such a furnace, clogged with red-hot slate and burned-out slag. It must be dumped and relighted! Better Gideon's few than the bigger company of those who won't fight, who take the oath and their rations and take nothing else! What is an army good for that is

busy only to burnish its buttons, to improve its barracks, and to sing (at a stand-still) "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" — never resisting unto blood!

In many of our villages four or five feeble and sickly congregations compete impotently, dividing the body of Christ with their unimportant specialties and shivering over their 'isms' — a handful of coal in each separate stove! Much good home missionary money is wasted in maintaining this unfruitful rivalry. In our cities the *elite* saints affect the avenues, while the storm-centres of population are not really attempted. In emphasizing incidentals, and in succumbing to commercial and so-called social standards which Christ spurned, the Church but loads the avalanche!

Organized originally for direct human help, it crushes its ministers with proxies, and substitutes services for service in the cottage and the alley. It handles a crucifix rather than practicing the cross, and is much sophisticated by the spectacular fallacy of place and day and the *opus operatum* of dignified make-believe. Always this moderatism resists the Holy Ghost, the more touchy as it is the more self-satisfied. And all the while whole areas of those for whom the Lord bled are thinking,— "No man cares for my soul!" In the vestibules of many a theoretical sanctuary the Great Mechanic waits wearily and shares with lonely hearts their cup of pain. "I was a stranger and ye took Me not in!"

Nor is this irony. I know there are true hearts, open hands, swift feet: but oh, they are too few! The Church that willed and that went, that called nothing its own, that knew the "fellowship of suffering," that was fed to the lions, was the Church that once "shook all the mighty world." "Stir up Thy strength, O God, and come and save us" — from ourselves! Upon the verge of religious bankruptcy, the boundless help of the actual Christ calls us to a deeper vital movement of conscience than ever yet stirred our land.

To retranslate Him in a modern Pentecost, to reincarnate His love right where men are striving and grieving, to wit-



ness brotherhood, to wear the red cross, this is the only mission, and obedience under it the only problem, of the Church. For this alone it was founded and exists. Solve this, not by discussion but by direct action, and all is solved. The out-of-door Christ, the people's Redeemer, would open to such a Church the windows of Heaven and break to it the bread of angels ! The Church that suffers is the Church that reigns.

Go forth to the unbidden. By your humanity prove again His divinity and mastery, and society would upheave in response. Yes, the comfortable and complacent who now forsake us because they do not believe that we believe what we say, who see no moral difference between us and them, would crowd our doors, aware at last of their poverty and their calling, and seeking the way of the simple and abundant life ! Such a movement cannot work from the top down, nor from the outside in. In so far as the Church makes religion but a phylactery and evades the intense practicality of Christ, the world laughs. That the laughter is hysterical but makes it the more piteous. A crisis ! Christ will have all or nothing. Yes, or No ! Of a truth it is a day to rebuild the altar, and with a mighty cry to God, to lay ourselves thereon.

The problem of the College, as it concerns that of the Church, is what remains. Nor is the modulation abrupt. The Church must make its reasonable appeal to and by prepared men. Not merely for its ministry, but for what Pope Leo has well called the "apostolate of the laity," education is an essential demand of its strength. Historically there is a profound interdependence between the American College and the American Church. John Harvard and the founders of Yale, Tennant and Wheelock and Kirkland and Wayland and Finney and Hopkins — these were men whose idea was elementally Christian. They loved the Lord God "with all their mind." The moral



and vital relation of College and Church I hold to be larger and fuller than direct ecclesiastical control; but by indirect I do not mean remote, I mean informal. Reciprocity and affinity are ample, and they are indispensable. The College idea and ideal has been thoroly Christian, and so may it ever be. Were the College to deny the Great Teacher it would be to bite the Hand that has fed it and led it. Under the generosity of the Evangel the College purports the general distribution, not as opposed to, but as distinguished from, the local condensation of higher education. Between the scope and methods of the University and the College there should be no hostility, but there should be a precise discrimination. Each is needful and distinct. Neither should envy nor vaunt.

Advanced investigation is necessary, and excellent are the foundations that foster this. Toward this the adapted College graduate may well be prompted. But there should be no composition nor confusion of the two disciplines. By whatever indirection, to seek to foreshorten the more generic work of the College proper, to despise that annealing of personality in which the time element is so important, to urge immaturity upon technical research, is short-sighted and raw, and it panders to a haste which depreciates the quality of both schools. To truncate the College course, to sacrifice process to speed, that half-ripe persons may be rushed upon the market, to base the doctorate upon the tasks which belong to the bachelorate, or to elide these, is to shear away strength. The bland device ravels. It plays Procrustes.

For one College, just a College and distinctively such, I speak — one that, however others may denude and disintegrate themselves, will (I trust and believe) remain faithful to the idea of those solid beginnings from which all later edifices of special skill shall better build. Radically conservative of this, if it shall be singular, singular it will cheerfully be, undiverted from making mental character the foot-

ing-course of mastership. It will not scramble to follow the bellwethers of novelty into the bog of miscellaneousness!

For mental training, decried only by sciolists, is primary. Language, logic, literature, life — are its *quadrivium*. The broad horizon of these nurtures the true synthetic spirit which grasps final meanings — which compresses the tire upon the wheel. To study what man is, which is psychology; what proof is, which is mathematics and logic; what man has done, which is history and law; his instruments, which are the languages; what he has said best, which is literature; his environments, which are the materials of the five laboratories; what he is for, which is patriotism, ethics, religion, — all these sciences unite in that humanistic and liberal education for which it has stood, and for which this College, at least, will stand.

This definite concentration, not upon abstract subjects but upon the subjective man, realizes him, and compacts his personality at every step.

Seeking inspiration as well as instruction, it is concerned with the influential quality of its teachers as well as with the quantities of their knowledge — the impartation of broad comprehension and commanding motive; for true education is the influence of life upon life. The genuine College is bent to discover, to awaken, to excite noble emulation; to make for sanity of mind and body; to teach the soul to swim; to rub men close, as life will rub them; to promote an accuracy and promptitude that is not pedantry, and a vision that is not dreaming; to develop intellectual poise and reach, along with cogency of expression and oral leadership; not to lose the unit in the mass, to stimulate a common moral sentiment, which shall shame the dullard, the superficial, the unsocial, and repudiate the snobbish, the profligate and the false. And the College which does this can never be small to the eyes that look for quality rather than noisy bulk.

All this lifts youth toward manhood, in its most plastic and formative years. Unto this an eager College gathers

local material that else would largely go ungathered, aids it to seek and to find itself, and impregnates it with an ardor at once human and public.

Unconditionally and boldly be it said, that the historical and natural scope of the College recognizes that this is God's Earth, that the furniture of the world is not all of it, and that man is God's, to guide and to complete. Nothing at last is merely secular. Every fact and act is moral and may be holy. The song and romance of College days is to be sanctified by that which, while it impels toward nobility and quenches passion, leads up to the motives of a service which is a worship, and which constrains and satisfies the inmost heart. Buckle (and he has had a sinister school of imitators) heaped many heterogeneous and partial instances about the two propositions; first, that nations are the creatures of circumstances, and next, that the only progress is the intellectual. Let Athens, Alexandria, Constantinople, answer him, in their age-long crouching under the dirty foot of the Turk! No! Character makes men and nations, and its salvations are more than knowledge. Character is reason schooled to think hard and straight into the ultimate constructive standards of duty, and obediently to choose them with all their enduring implications.

The truths of religion are to be taught, and the potency of those scriptures which focus upon the one complete Man. Then let the College speak of *right*, and keep wide open that Book without which, well-pondered, none can be thoro in the world's history and significance, or be rooted and grounded in the real life. Out of its intensative scrutiny shall come a larger interpretation of the stages by which, on from Ur to Egypt, all leads up to the central and enduring Christ.

Our challenge is that here lies the secret of Time — its sore travail and its shining goal. Only the human is the good; but only the divine is the human. All other theory is neither beautiful nor rational. The age that forgets this is a self-confused and wandering age. The age that denies

it is intellectually bastard and blighted. Not in the terms of ecclesiasticism, but in those of undefiled relation to the spotless and ever-outgoing Vitalizer of Time, not as the scribes but as the disciples, let our educations be drenched, saturated, fulfilled, exalted, with essential, practical Christianity! To the College which maintains that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," the Church, the people, must look for the cadets of truth and devotedness. The one problem of the College is to hold fast her integrity to the supreme Teacher of Men. But this also is the one problem of the Church. Both problems are at last one.

Men of the Class of 1903:

The history, the horizon, the hopes of this Hamilton of ours are dear to us together. You have grown here in that loyalty to fine and firm things which is not a mere impressionist mood, but which is of the will and the heart. Never fear but that this loyalty will always find the work it is fit for. You have been taught that curiosity and tenacity are completed in reverence. You have been taught to honor Him Who is the true Author and Finisher of knowledge. Stupidity is ungodly and ungodliness is stupid. If the fearless and magnanimous love of truth as the guide of duty is to live in you, your ideals must be spiritual not mechanical. Fight your battles hard and fight them in the fear of God. Remember that "a just man falls seven times, and riseth again." A right heart never can say Die. To your College that is, and that is to be, I pledge your hearts. The ark is coming home, and as the men of Beth-Shemesh, reaping in the valley, lifted up their eyes and rejoiced, so all of us say Praise and Amen! By your manhood and its influence you are to honor this old Hill of ours. Always may the voice live in your souls that has been our word today,— "Hold fast that ye have, that no man take your crown!" Conquest now, and in God's time the coronation. Athletes of a mightier field-day,— Hail to you all!

THE GLORIFICATION OF SERVICE

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 26, 1904

I magnify my office. Romans 11:13.

The Revision reads,— "I glorify my ministry." The word is really the word "diaconate," or "deaconship." "Deacon," in Greek, is the title of a voluntary servant, as distinguished from *doulos* — a bondservant. One offers, the other is compelled. A deacon is a willing servant.

Transferring the very word, we should reread some familiar phrases after this sort; —

"He that is greatest among you let him be your deacon."

"I am among you as the deacon."

"Made us able deacons of the New Testament."

"Fill full thy diaconate."

"Satan's deacons fashion themselves as deacons of righteousness."

"Deaconing of the strength which God supplieth."

The service makes the office. Too much we think of office as place and position; Paul stated it as work. We describe it as a tenure, he declared it as a task; not something to inhabit but something to do; not a thing snug, easy, well-paid, but an exacting opportunity. Officialism puts the officer forward, magnifies itself: service puts forward the offices, the duties, for which alone the office exists. In the parable of Christ, "Occupy till I come" does not refer to tenancy but to activity. Be busy with the charge, keep the capital moving, use it.

So then here is the generic principle of fidelity, which ever is concerned not to exhibit a title but to fulfil a trust.

When Paul thus stated his purpose and interpreted his commission, he spoke sincerely. He was not bragging. Services were his credentials as a man "sent forth." His errand is his end, all that he is or has is but a means toward

that. So he claims nothing for himself, everything for his message. Dress parade, canonical fuss, formal precedency — he scouts them. Weapons not epaulettes, fulcrum not pedestal. His terrible zeal makes any ecclesiastical martinet preposterous. Pomposity and punctiliousness are the refuge of small men, who when their station is too large for them stiffen their littleness with starch and mannerisms.

Paul's harness could dispense with trappings, seeing that it was for draught, not show. Garbed as the ordinary man, not tricked out in special attire and vestment, quick-handed, ready to rough it, familiar with long hours and short rations, intimate with danger and deprivation, inured to the rod and the mob, without salary or vacation and supporting himself with his tent-needle, in prison and in pain uttering one devoted testimony, alert, daring, incorrigible, thrust aloft like a rocket by his own fiery heart—here once for all was a *man!* Calling himself the least worthy, from Damascus to Spain, on two continents and in three languages, he gave the word "Apostle" its undying glory.

"If your sword (said the Spartan mother) is too short, step closer to your enemy," and oh how swiftly this eager soul hastened to close quarters, how rapidly with every man he made Christ the theme and the issue! How surely he did his errand. What havoc would that stout blade make now of our trivial and tinsel distinctions, social and philosophical. With what compulsions of nobility this leader of leaders packed with results the one life God gave him to live! Service was his business; not warbling himself to death upon a pink cloud, but handling the troubles and dangers of every soul he could get at, meeting the epidemic of the world, penurious of not one resource so as to get the thing done!

Thus he was an example that every man is to be a deacon, called to ministry, ordained to labor, that God's will may be done on Earth. Capacity to serve, diligence to serve, this is the only earldom. Labor is life. A true

Church, a true society, is a peerage of servants. Office is to be an active, not a passive, noun. A deacon is a doer. To consent to be described by "cloth" is to submit to a bitter epithet. Intense usefulness is the only honorary degree; all else may but veil nakedness under ornamental rags. Only servants are saints. Deacons all!

Now the glorification of service lies in not seeking great things for self. That is an undersized ambition. Like the owl it has more feathers than flesh, and its beak is better than its vision. Like the peacock, its plumage is a poor apology for its voice. It is the little bird that does the singing,— the lark, the thrush. Officiousness is not effectiveness. Love is what thrills and inspires, and "love seeketh not its own." If the place is greater than the man, he will rattle in it. He advertises the misfit. For bulk, men may stand as much alike as barrels, but the empty ones sound loudest. Better be a full keg than an empty hogshead! The full ships ride deep. "The shallow murmur."

It is true that every place shrinks or stretches to fit its occupant. A man of moral size has a displacement that crowds back the world. A compressed purpose has a "specific gravity" all its own. Every person has an opportunity to read himself into his calling, to create his part. Sothern took a subordinate personation and made Lord Dundreary the main thing. It is the will to push the work that dignifies and adorns any station. There are two or three best razors in every dozen, tho stamped by the same maker. The difference is not in material, but temper. In a man, temper is choice — the will.

Many a young man (it is an undergraduate notion) thinks there is no room for him, that all the good places are preempted. It is not true, except to the flabby. The world, like Diogenes, is always looking for the *man*. The right men are always scarce. For those who glorify service there is a demand far beyond the supply. How scarce, for instance, is the strong candidate in politics! Unavailabilities

there are in plenty. The machinery of affairs waits for the power. Will is electricity — it moves all wheels. The handle awaits the hand. The purpose to do the thing underlies ultimate mastery, and this is the wisdom that is willing to postpone its rights rather than its duties, and to keep its bills even if it loses its receipts. One maximizes service by minimizing self, finds life by losing it, the paradox of all loftiest manhood. One can have the praises he seeks — men's or God's: but the lower recompense may be the price of the higher, and the approval that ripens last is worth the waiting. It is a vice of our impatient time that so many wish to begin at the top and not at the bottom. They seek to get rather than to give. The unrest in artisanship is but one symptom and instance. Men are trying to evade apprenticeship, the steady, disciplining details of preparation. But it was by declining Saul's armor that David showed himself one who would at last come to be able to wield Goliath's sword.

It is not the carved scroll that is the secret of the old Stradivarius: but the delicate and sure adjustment of the simple inner posts and props. And his cunning who makes the violin alive, is the perfect work of patience and pains. To offer what will merely pass confesses mediocrity. The best men are those who exact of themselves the best work, not that which will barely "do". Results reward that service which counts nothing unimportant, and which reckons every day as good as any that ever was or will be. To borrow from our betters, to follow the greatest, we must perceive that what they most valued was serviceability, not show. And this purpose held fast

> "Shall find the toppling crags of duty, scaled,
> Are close upon the shining table-lands
> To which our God Himself is Moon and Sun."

A man in Western New York realized the demand for a first-class hammer. He studied the tool, and with no patent, by sheer excellence conquered the market. "How

long (one asked him) have you been making hammers?" "Twenty-eight years." "Well, by this time you must know how to make a pretty good one." He answered, "I never made a pretty good hammer, I make the best hammers in the United States."

"I remember (said a wealthy snob to a young lawyer who was steadily climbing) when you used to black my father's boots." "Didn't I do it well?" was the reply.

Yes, the servant is the master. The lowlier the fidelity, the loftier the life. There is no bargain-counter, no ten-cent store, where character can be cheapened. Not by memorizing aphorisms about success, but by cheerfully serving God, day in and week out, do we touch the apostolic life. The nearest thing done in the truest way is that which angels, and even devils too, respect, and what God will own. This concentration is what finds its aim, while mere sporadic mood scatters like an old bell-mouthed gun, more honored in the breech than in the muzzle.

As a race-horse responds to a skilful driver, and as a thorobred dog loves to point for a hunter who kills with either barrel, so men are glad to give "the tools to the man who can use them."

It is a story forty years old — how when the flank was turned at Cedar Creek and all was panic and disaster, there came down the turnpike like a cloud's shadow, rowelling, riding, flying, a resistless will! "The other way, boys! Face the other way! We're going back." The rout was a rally, the rabble a charging front,—"Sheridan! Sheridan!" — and Jubal Early went the way he came. Such a leader one man can be. Almighty God wants such to stem the flood, to reform the broken lines, to face the discouraged "the other way," by the impact of a determination about whose strength ten thousand men gather to the renewed fight.

When the Wesleys confronted the Deism of the eighteenth century with the Gospel, it shook and died, and the leaden

age breathed life again. Never was there a really great movement or achievement on this Earth into which some one had not put his total capital.

Men of the Class of 1904:

I speak to you as to those of whom I am persuaded things that accompany a manhood at once devoted and reverent.

The moral obligations of college men to make their training efficient in "the stream of life" cannot compel you too sternly, nor invite you too ardently. It is a gallant thing to live hard and strong. A man whose ambition is dedicated to his God will shirk no demand, nor reckon less than noble any of the penalties of high leadership. "Go in anywhere, (said a general to one of his colonels) — you'll find lovely fighting along the whole line"! By and by we will hang your swords somewhere on the walls of our templed Hill up there. We grudge you no sacrifice, we spare you not one pain, we give you now to God, to time, to your country, to men, and only pray that you may pay the full price of immortality without misgiving or any backward look.

Let the thought that rules these verses of our own Clinton Scollard sing for us all;—

> "Tears for the weaklings! but for those who fought
> And perished nobly, upon land or wave,
> No lamentation, no dark draperies brought,
> No sad songs for the brave!
>
> "But rather jubilation — peal on peal
> Of joy-bells,— Hope's white lilies 'neath the Sun,—
> Because they died with sacrificial zeal,
> Their patriot duty done!"

You go forth from a College radically conservative to educate men, "practical" to develop spirit, to stimulate the whole mind and manhood, striving not to issue a product smitten with the intellectual mumps of the partialist, or addicted to the exploitation of vagaries. Respect the hall-

mark by never resting upon it. It is a permission and a commission to rouse and spur you. Let your memories be a tonic, not a sedative. Law, politics, science, art, letters, the chair of the teacher or editor, that pulpit which Spurgeon called "the Thermopylae of Christendom,"— all these are opportunity for you to make a brilliant and benign record or a ghastly failure. God calls every man of you into the ministry — to serving. "Take heed (O Archippus) to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." Glorify your diaconates with a vow and a vigor that shall never know the futilities and the fatigues of self-idolatry! Follow that flag whose field, white as the light is, bears a crimson cross! Pledge yourselves to the utmost that God and men can get out of you. Crowd your place, whatever it may be, with personality. Empty yourself into your task as the founder pours the molten metal into every crevice of the mold. Seek always an issue with right in it and fight the Devil with fire. Make every wrong your quarrel. Say your word boldly, do your deed bravely, then, "Good and faithful servants,— ENTER"!

DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, JUNE 25, 1905

As free, and not using your freedom for a cloke of wickedness. 1 Peter 2: 16.

Real freedom, rightly used.

Before Rome was, or Greece, Moses outlined and attempted a system of government by and for the people. It laid great stress upon the personal partnership of each man, It was, on its human side, elementally republican. The initiative lay with the responsible units. Their coordination was to be affirmed thro chosen and answerable representatives. It based upon the two unchanging human requirements — individuality and federation. Thus Israel was to be the "prevailer". But the idea has prevailed, and will, tho Israel lapsed from it. Moses survives. He was the prophet of a social inspiration which slowly dawns upon the modern world. It is not even yet ripe: but it is ripening. The Old Testament is not antiquated; it is the people's book, the primer of freedom. To that tribunal the fiery Hebrew prophets, who thundered the divine demand for righteous law, for liberty, for equal rights, cited their generations and subpœnaed monarch and priest.

For Israel had swerved from its popular prerogative and taken up with a borrowed subserviency. When they demanded a king their political decay had begun. Samuel anointed Saul under a solemn protest that royalty would be the disappointment it proved. The acclaim was a *confessio paupertatis*. Bulk them, and Israel's kings were, and all kings have been, a sorry lot. History also "poureth contempt upon princes." Their alleged "divine right" has been a grotesque.

Seeking the deepest estimate of man and his associate life, distinguishing makeshift means from primary ends, essential humanity from its temporary furniture and uten-

sils, let us measure those two mighty and mutual words which spell the whole hope of mankind — Democracy, Christianity.

I shall today draw heavily upon your patience, but even so the time-limit permits only the broadaxe and adze. I can only hew it rough and rapidly. Anyone is welcome to the chips: but if you cannot refute you must not refuse.

Mankind is man kinned — brothered. Paul's phrase, "the whole Fatherdom," affirms an integral race, of one origin, anatomy, concern, probation — "one far-off divine event." "One spirit, one body" is the full precept of that New Testament which daringly contemplates and determinedly intends the rearrangement of the world. Under and unto God the Gospel instinctively, unswervingly, purposes this infrangible unity of man. It is the one alternative opposing all present sedition and secession. Either solidarity, cohesion, making way steadily, by steps however slow, over the stupidities of selfishness; or at last a sterile race and a shattered star! It opposes congregation to segregation. Its specialty is not parts: but the whole. Its goal is mankind.

And the world process is toward the full realization of human homogeneity. Time is pedagogic of this. History is the record of this schooling. The evolution is racial, and forces us to study geography and ethnology anew — to think internationally. Artificial demarcations are proving impracticable. The static gives way to the dynamic. Economics has to be concerned with the whole Earth's housekeeping, and politics and diplomacy are finding themselves defeated by mere provincialism. Philanthropy, in its deepest sense, whether as equity or as religion, is revealing as the bond that transcends date and region. Yes, it is "an increasing purpose." Sociology is ethics. Society is man capitalized, and "the life of each individual represents a social value."

Whatever else was provoked out of him, Thomas Paine, when he wrote the "Rights of Man," was an irrefutable prophet. Fundamentally that document is true. Its

audacity angered all Tories: but in spite of reactionaries and the recrudescence of the worship of mere force, the Tory is obsolescent. The air of freedom was in Paine's book, and time has justified it. The bold experiment of 1789 in America has legitimated man and refuted the doctrine of his perpetual nonage.

Constructed for and environed by his fellows, man finds association inevitable. Ways and means are but by-laws, tentative, provisional, to be amended, to be abandoned; association remains. And the definition and practical ordering of man's relation and commonweal, by whatever devices, wiser or worse — this is government.

However they have stuttered or fumbled, all its experiments have somehow sought for fair and fruitful terms under which men might live together. Tho the deed has often denied the tradition, well-being has been the end claimed — the general good.

That government must be the best which seeks and promotes the utmost welfare of all its people, holding equity as its supreme law. As a means to any other end it is stultified and condemned. The seat of authority in the State rests on right: but right is equity and never aught else, and equity is service. For human service, and for this only, government is a trustee.

Noting some of the main forms with which men have experimented, or been experimented, name first that of which tribalism was a rudiment (exploited at last by its strongest man), Autocracy. It is the rule of one, centering all in himself, — *L'etat c'est moi*, — absolutism. Sometimes it is mediately bureaucratic, as Turkey and Russia are; but at last it wields the despotism which is misanthropy, the throne for its own sake, the individuality of the many suppressed, what is lavished upon the man depriving the people. Man, if he thinks (and shall he not think!) ferments and rages under this frustration. Therefore is Russia today like a burning mine — like a fuse whose fire eats steadily to the blast!

"One red star!" Apologists for the regime tell us that the non-ruling classes of Russia are "unfit to rule." But are the ruling classes fit? Is any fit who is willing or prefers that any should remain unfit? When the sleeper wakes, when the unfit come to their own, wo to those who have unfitted them! When the ice of this great Neva loosens, when the real Russia finds itself, then alas for those who have built in denial of the summer! Who is there, save the attorneys of oppression, to bewail the dawn?

> "If freedom be not a word that dies when spoken,
> If justice be not a dream whence men must wake,
> How shall not the bonds of the thralldom of old be broken,
> And right put might in the hands of them that break?"

Next, Monarchy — a term of varied limits, and comprising little or much responsibility. Sometimes all the real control is with those who fondly retain the terminology of subjection as an ornamental anachronism, and are willing to pay the bills! But think what things have come to pass between the frank brutality of Henry the Eighth and the obedient suavity of Edward the Seventh! The people have learned that it is their England. The Tudors and the Stuarts are gone. Great Britain (as Andrew D. White has recently remarked) "is simply a republic with a monarchical head lingering along on good behavior."

Plutocracy — the rule of wealth — the power of money-holders as such. It is not formally proclaimed, but it is strong and subtle to subvert men. Its silent arithmetic does not indeed necessitate, but makes possible, oppressions not less actual because insidious. Its "community of interest," widely diverse from the interests of the community, has ere now ruined great states. It instinctively resents the mandate and mandamus of the people. Mammon, with cowardly stealth, supplants that commonweal which is so much more than wealth. Favoritism is its market. It translates man as a commodity and has sway by indirect bribery. Blind Plutus!

Oligarchy. It is " the few " in power, whether a clique, a bureau, a machine, or a ring. It saps the general strength and despoils representation of reality. Its odium is its assumption and its irresponsibility. Its inner wheels, its coalitions and coteries, befool the ballot, and by its supple trickeries the peerage of freemen is undermined. Officialdom is one of its forms. Slates, stolen primaries, and the star-chamber deals of state committees are some of its familiar features.

Aristocracy then,— a fair term, "the rule by the best"; but practically it means the self-elect at their own appraisal — a close corporation of opportunists. Or it illustrates " the fine irony of an entailed nobility." The taint of heraldry and the attainder of mere hereditary privilege is superciliousness and snobbery and the dry rot of these, the insolence of class prerogative and the inhuman proscriptions of caste. "The best," by all means: but not the self-styled such, nursing their cheap exclusiveness and affecting to be the *chauffeurs* of the world. The day of the House of Lords is passing in those lands where parliamentary law has become the register of the people's liberty. The Electoral College is of this piece, an antiquated absurdity, tolerated, but sure to break into flying dust under any strain of honest application. Our method of incubating United States senators is another illustration of this bad leverage, making them the creatures of a camarilla. It will some day be reformed in the interests of responsibility.

As to Anarchy. It is a contradiction in terms. Its ideas cancel. Putting caprice for reason, it denies law, which is the organ of liberty, for the sake of that license which is liberty's parody and defeat. Its " red laughter " is madness. It is the " cloke of wickedness " and would crush freedom under the absolutism of the mob. It is the anti-gospel of " Every man for himself ! " In the name of " the law of liberty " organized mankind smites this adder. For freedom is not the absence of restraint: it is the absence of false re-

straint. All violence jeopards equal social justice. But remember that to deny that any man is a part is to incite him to forget that he is only a part. Suppression begets explosion. Men unvindicated are the material for men vindictive. If a system breeds nightmares it will breed their riders !

As to Theocracy; it is actual while God lives, else all hopes for the creature are " built on stubble." The ethics of collective humanity derive at last from Him only. Its reach does not alter the rule. All politics is either applied ethics or it is shorn of rationality; but ethics is concerned with universal relation. The right divine is never delegated to any vicegerent. It is fulfilled in the common consent of free consciences, and is plagiarized by kingcraft or priestcraft.

At last, Democracy, the people's self-government, a general trusteeship of sovereignity. All personality dignified by that accountable share, with all its sanctions, which He intended who is its source and its strength. " Legitimate governments (says President Hadley) are administered in the interests of the whole body politic." See the ultimate implications of this; for the prime interest of each several man is to realize and to exercise the fullest rational freedom, to be a mechanic of the nation, not a mechanism, — to move toward that corporate activity where none is lord, none underling, to " walk at liberty " within that law of which he is a part.

Democracy may be an abused term for the tyranny of multitudes, a mass deflected by passion and by demagogs who pander to it, flattering while they defile: but then the self-control of the people is by its means thwarted of its ends, and the true equation is lost. For the ideal rests upon the diffusion of that conscience which is fulfilled in " working no ill to its neighbor," and which resents for him and for itself the two tyrannies of constriction and of excess. But mark that the cure for the perversion from the ideal is not less democracy, but better.

I maintain that Christianity is radically inter-human, that it is no respecter of appearance, that its elemental program is to shake every middle wall of partition, that it knocks in God's name at every closed door, that it necessarily implies Democracy. As strenuously, I maintain that its precepts are the only foundation upon which Democracy has logically developed, or upon which it can thrive and endure.

For implicitly the Son of Man rests His case upon the right valuation of men. He and none other has exalted the peoples into freedom. His autonomy secures theirs. His theorem, if demonstrated, makes the unconstrained and abundant life its corrolary. "Free grace" announces the "square deal" and bids every man stand up and be counted. It was the "good news" that God's love leaves no one out, that a total mankind has "eminent domain" as against all "adverse possession." And Democracy, for and by the people, admits no pre-emption of authority. It emancipates into the right to seek the best, while it enjoins the duty to offer the most. Privilege and obligation interpret each the other. Thus in a republic the delegated agents of the people are "public servants" — stewards, accountable to the authority which commissions them. In any other term they are defaulters and forfeit their credentials. Democracy and Christianity, the human expression and the divine inspiration, make up together the final experiment of time. Together they fare or fail; but if these fail all fails! The bankruptcy of one involves the other. Unless men can learn to reason deeply, both as to the basis and the scope of rights — then cataclysm. Law and love — "one and inseparable" — or the deluge! "Liberty and union" mean all that Webster meant, and mean far more. The whole probation of mankind is as to whether he will seek that true commonwealth of souls which banishes all false claims: but this is Democracy! Of such a new society the Gospel of Christ is the plan and specification, and to conquer this ideal into actuality is the one task and travail of this Earth. We are

shut up to it. Nothing else is left to try; and so, to doubt, to flinch, to surrender, is to desert the cause of both God and Man !

There are, I am aware, some sickly and sentimental dissenters from the genius and goal of the peoples' calling, whispering or whining their rejection of the substantive claim of man as man. This disregard for the many, this reluctancy from the burden of the problem, is ordinarily traceable (when not merely academic) to an absentee spirit which assumes to distrust what love of ease dislikes. It never preaches a full-width righteousness. Its complacent apathy would postpone everything for the sake of the *status quo*. Affecting a silken piety, it forgets that all modern prophets — the Luthers, Wesleys, yes, the Tolstois, have been, in effect, great champions of the submerged and forgotten, uplifting aspiration in the hopeless, seeking that which is lost, and restoring that cardinal proof of the Messiah, " the poor have the Gospel." These superficial invesr tors in the present as it is, will take no stock in the future as it should be. Like Lot's wife, they interpret the majo considerations of life by the minor. For them, too, " the offense of the cross is not ceased." But in the face of an awakening world they are as imbecile as they are futile.

But also there are such as applaud democracy without perceiving either its exactions or its guarantees. Let none praise democracy as an end in itself, and ignore the obligations attending its permissions. It is justified not in its apparatus but in its purpose; not in its negative protest but in its constructiveness; in that steadfastly regulated equity which distributes the burden as well as the benefit. Consideration for all others, as bound with them " in the bundle of life," is its basilar strength: but this is also " the law of Christ." The more powerful it is, the more does it require the delicate control which only that supreme love can furnish which " seeketh not its own." Either altruism or absolutism; for there is no logical half-way.

Can man learn that reciprocity which lifts all around? Can he realize that every personality has a birthright, that civil and religious freedom are two sides of but one thing, that low forms of society and low conceptions of God go together? If not, — if anything but a cluster of preferred creditors offsetting a bulk of subservients is a fond dream; if the Nazarene was an impracticable enthusiast, emotional rather than rational; if great populations are to be ruled from without rather than from within; if the martial is better than the domestic and the industrial, — then all falls back into the arms of mere force; then half-developed peoples instead of being taught self-direction are to be the prey of robber strength; then "the gospel of blood and iron" is to prevail; then the idea of the old Roman empire is to re-conquer the Galilean! This is the dilemma: righteousness or cunning power; Nitzsche's man or Christ! The last question is whether this Earth is to be a home or a menagerie!

Now any government is at a given time as strong as it has purposes worthy to be believed in, and no stronger. Perceived or not, the bottoming idea of democracy is the utmost diffusion of two things — authority and responsibility. All of its hopes are reducible to the balancing of these two. All of its phases and attempts here are judged. This duality is the law of its life. Within it each whole man, and because a man, is to "count one." Persons are its units, and their union is to be without confusion or secession. Its divisor exactly matches its dividend, and the quotient is one. A division of labor which is distorted to mean "You labor and I divide" is not democracy. So then, in this joint severalty where every man should count one, not a half, not two, every man should be fitted to count one! Democracy must vigilantly demand and strive toward this fitness of its units, and stabs itself by neglect of it.

The ballot affirms the indisputable right of each integer. Only so is it valid. Its qualified intelligence is its security

that it shall always be counted as one, and never less or more. Less it were tyrannized, more it were tyrannical. The only real voter is the independent voter, and to seduce or to intimidate him violates manhood. Degradation is disfranchisement. Democracy agrees with Christianity to say that every man should count one, and that because he should he shall! Nothing else ever believed this, or declared it, or attempted it. But the tools are for the task. No theory works itself. This one cannot be carried; it must walk. It must wrench itself out of dullness and delay. It must lift itself away from the appeal and stress of mere passion, and cease to be pleased with flattery and fireworks. "Use your freedom." It is not an end but a means, a condition of opportunity, a capacity. It makes normal action possible; but this must be fulfilled in the wisdom and the will to do!

Therefore education, the tutoring of men in their duty to secure their rights. Provision for this is self-protection. Liberty thinks, enslavement only feels. Ignorance breeds political bastards. Every election that is not a farce is an appeal to opinion and purpose. Thus the people say, We will have it so, and so. The greatest state shall be that one with the greatest ratio of voters who think clearly and resolutely, and who will not be browbeaten or cajoled. This is pivotal. The minority which thinks will at last outnumber those who only pretend to. By thinking, man in both senses comes to his majority.

Let this be seen in the rise of Humanism. It was a part of the subsoiling of the world for the seed of Democracy. Freedom breathed thro the new learning. Letters were Republican. It was the mind of man pawing to get free. Thus the school is the arsenal of the people's rights, and a College is a battery of men! The specialty of education is liberty; for it rests upon "the right assessment of what constitutes human value."

In the last analysis, Democracy rests its dictum upon the

bench of justice. The court embodies the people's conscience as to equity. Its decree registers their deliberation and their relf-restraint. It becomes, under God, their ultimate affirmation and refuge. It is the final institute of liberty.

Under that fraternity of men which the evangel mapped, the Ishmaelitish spirit recedes. The history of human arrangements unfolds this generic man-right. This is the developing purpose of the parturient years. Thro slow eras, or in convulsive epochs, the impulse has pushed as by hydraulic pressure. The paramount description of a man is that he has a passport to all the freedom he can use, and to an equal chance to show how much that is. He shall resist whatever would steal or crush his fair share of it; for to yield to such dispossession is to deny the nature God gave him. Well said Lincoln, that foremost modern representative of the fine old family of man, in 1856, "They who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under the rule of a just God can not long retain it."

Liberty is menaced today in its own household by pride of power, by lust of empire, by a somnolent and unprotesting Church with little else than soft words for Mammon; but what shall it profit democracy if it gain the whole world and lose its own life! To enable and ennoble 'every creature under heaven' toward his fullest possibilities is the formative idea of a just society, and it should remove all that opposes this, by pick or by powder. Democracy and Christianity have it in common that we profess both and practice neither, except tentatively and with limiting reservations. Neither has yet been fully worked. Men fear and resent both the law of love and the law of liberty; but alike they must either be applied or abandoned.

To reduce its limitations to the lowest terms, to exalt its universality, liberty is to be delivered both from those who assume to monopolize and from those who dare degrade it; for to rule and to serve are the two halves of the divine pur-

pose that all men shall be "kings and priests unto God," and this purpose can be interpreted neither by the aristocrat nor the mob.

In quoting Bismarck's characteristic saying, that "After all a benevolent, rational absolutism is the best form of government," Matthew Arnold replies: "The one fatal objection to it is that it is against nature, that it contradicts a vital instinct in man — the instinct of expansion. The impulse of democracy is identical with the ceaseless effort of human nature itself." Hear! Hear! indeed. Always to be chosen for, rather than to choose, is arrested development, prolonged childishness. Nations arriving at their majority put away this nursing bottle of royalty, this theory of unchangeable babyhood, which offers tin toys to adults and spanks bearded men! Littoral Canute can not scold back the untamable tides — sceptre and spectre depart together. Let the chess-game picture the play of titular rank. There are kings and consorts, castles, bishops (ever diagonal), knights erratic, pawns as the servitors and spoil of these; and for a parable the white always with the first move. But 'the order changeth.' The day of the pawn comes. In testudo, he advances to the king row, turns transfigured, and gives checkmate! "Democracy (said Lowell) is that form of society in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it."

What is our "Monroe doctrine" but this, that we mean that our democracy shall not have its influence narrowed by the proximity of any other theory of the people? To maintain this theory of the people undamaged, and to hold its vantage unimpaired, we would fight (tho God forbid the emergency) till all the seas ran red! It was with this instinct that we lifted Cuba from the dunghill to place an unquenchable star upon her brow, still keeping faith with freedom.

The Gospel's idea accords with the idea of Democracy. Their aims are cognate, their purposes mutual. They join

in that view of inter-human rights of which International Law is the logical resultant. They alike resent "every yoke of bondage," and intend that freedom which is the clearing-house of mankind. Each seeks the greatest quantity of the highest quality, and demands that none shall be outside of law, none beneath it, none above it. They "come to make the best the world knows native to the humblest."

The Son of Man is man's Man! He arraigns all despotisms, and threatens every divisive artificiality, every defrauding, every treachery to the human cause. Before Him every antiquated lie of caste stands disheveled, every usurpation shudders, and every "prisoner of hope" leaps up with joy. "All for each and each for all," is the bold and beautiful charter which is sealed with His cross. "And the government shall be upon His shoulder!"

Democracy is not "the multitude in power with no adequate ideal to elevate and guide": but it is the people guided and elevated as common shareholders in a celestialized manhood. It is indigenous to Christianity, and is implied by that. Dependence upon God, independence of all insalutary duress, interdependence as fellows and friends, these are the three signals of what the "Leader and Commander of the peoples" purposes and will perform. They stamp all temporizing expedients with paresis. To deny them is both apostacy from the faith and barratry against the ship of state.

All gain in appreciating what whole democracy both includes and excludes, has been, consciously or not, an appreciation of Christ's idea of man. Painfully it has penetrated the banal policies and sodden politics of the world, attended by harsh reactions and bitter doubts, but despite the appalling follies of those who "promised liberty, while themselves the servants of corruption," it has continued and will conquer.

The timid dread the birth-pangs of change, and the near-sighted refuse to think beyond the status they have cap-

tured: but the dynasty of the few becomes decrepit and nigh to vanishing. The *Magnificat* was the annunciation of a new society. It enfolded an apocalypse: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." "The Desire of all nations" makes all classes "dangerous classes," and those the most so who absent themselves from concern for that cause of the people which widens and deepens with each newest day, and before whose "awful rose of dawn" the lanterns of the groping years grow dim.

For Democracy this America, this people's land! Hither they come who would escape the mortmain of stole and throne. We are building better than we know, and repeat Columbus, "who only sought a way and found a world." Our freedoms are not ours to seclude. If we forget His purpose, wide as the Earth is, Who begat these, we abandon their security. To evade the duty is to despise the blessing. If this Sampson, shorn and blind, lays hands upon those two commandments which are the pillars of a divinely human society, he shall indeed "make sport for the Philistines," but in catastrophe and common burial!

Before the envious fallacies of both ermine and rags, America is to retract nothing of her earlier faith in the sovereignty of God and in the sanctity of man, His child. She is still the pioneer of the cause of man, not to exploit a continent but to uplift a race. The enlargement of men from both slavery and license is pressed upon us by our double faith. We "shall walk at liberty because we seek His precepts," "as free and not abusing freedom." And shall we not thus move?

> "Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

Well said Grover Cleveland, at St. Louis, "It is a solemn thing to belong to a nation favored of God."

Men of the Class of 1905:

Stand up, then, and stay up, to meet the possibilities of these big years with conscience and backbone. Hear the high trumpet. It calls you to be as brave as wise. God and your time summon you also to the potential throngs whose hair is unflecked and whose blood is full of iron. You represent no school of doubt, of hesitation, of moral pusillanimity. Just, sympathetic, unconditional, stand with lip and life to resist the reign of greed and graft, the cunning that plays Jacob's trick upon Esau, and the rash surrender of the birthright. Let all that assails man-right sting you to testify and to act. Let no good cause lack you, let no right event fail because any of you is a coward absentee. Down to that day when your final valedictorian shall speak your final word, be such as wear their swords to the hilt, such soldiers of democracy and of godliness, of society and its salvation, as those in whom and by whom "the Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail to open the book!"

Jan. 28. 1906
G.W.

CORRECTIONS:

Page 65, 30th line, spell transcendent.
Page 72, 10th line, speech.
Page 102, 14th line, for contract read construct.



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